

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Chambers's Journal.
A SHIPWRECK.

STEADILY blows the north-east wind,
And the harbour flag blows straight from the mast;

And the sailors lounge and look on the pier,
And smoke their pipes, and think it will last.

Yonder the cloud-rack lowers and glooms,
And the sweet blue sky is hidden away;
Whilst the muttering waves grow hoarse and loud,
And you have to shout the thing that you say.

The distant fleet of white-sailed ships
Come hastening landward with wet black sides,

As they lean to the push of the gusty wind,
Now a rush, now a pause, on the weltering tides.

The spumy froth of the rock-yexed waves
Gathers in creaming yeast on the sand;
Then away in fluttering flocks it speeds
For hedges and hillsides far inland.

The sea-birds dip and wheel in the air,
And search the surges with greedy eyes;
They hang with tremulous wings on the brink,
Then away on the blast with their shrill sad cries.

Yonder the people crowd to the cliff,
Where the long gray grass is flattened and bent;

As the stress of the hurricane passes by,
Every eye to seaward is fixed intent.

Far down below are the cruel rocks,
All black and slippery with black sea-weed;
And pits profound, where the whirlpools run,
For ever revolving with hideous speed.

How the ships come! Let them come, poor barks!

Here is the harbour quiet and still;
Once entered, the weary crew can sleep,
And dream of their home without fear of ill.

How the ships come! What's that? A helm
Is carried away, and she drifts to the blast;
Over her deck sweeps a roaring wave,
And up in the rigging the crew run fast.

On she comes for the rocks! O men!
O maids and mothers! O daughters and wives!
You are sitting at home by the hearth-fire warm,
And the sea has a hold of your loved ones' lives!

Now she strikes on the rocks! No aid
Can reach her there; she must tumble and roll,

Till at last a great third wave will come,
And eat her up, and engulf the whole.

There — they are lashing themselves to the spars!
Shrill on the wind comes their bitter cry;
They are waving their hands! Out of the main
A billow rises, and breaks, and goes by.

All is vanished; the ship and the men,
Crumbled, and crushed, and hurried away!
Here are the splinters on every rock,
All o'er the beach, and all round the bay.

There, on the sands, is a sailor's cap;
And there close by a man on his face;
And there are the others! Oh, cover them quick,
And carry them off from this fatal place!

They are laid in the yard of the weather-worn church,
And the grass will grow on their quiet grave;
But, O Lord in heaven, hadst Thou spoke one word,
It had stilled the wind, and curbed the wave!

But perhaps Thou wert speaking. Our ears are dull,
And we cannot discern in this atmosphere;
The men, as they drowned, might have clearer sense —
Might have heard Thee well, and seen Thee near.

We all must be patient, and bear our part
In the perilled toil of a wreckful world;
But some Havening Rest may be found at last,
When the anchors are down, and the sails are furled.

HUMAN LIFE.

AFTER a while — a busy brain
Will rest from all its care and pain.

After a while — Earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while — a vanished face —
An empty seat — a vacant place.

After a while — a name forgot —
A crumbled head-stone — unknown spot!
"THE OTHER S."

From The Contemporary Review.

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY:

AN ESSAY IN THE COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF
RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

PART II.

THE BELIEF IN GREECE. (a)

i. INTRODUCTORY.

THE belief in Immortality, while a pre-eminent product of Greek thought, was almost unknown to Greek religion. The mythology believed and the worship practised by the people neither awed by the fear, nor cheered with the hope, of a future life. The gods of Olympus ruled the present; death was the limit of their dominion. In the later mythology which grew up within and around the mysteries, the gods of the underworld distributed rewards and punishments to the dead, but they exercised no actual government over the living. While of all ancient peoples the Greeks had the profoundest faith in the reign of moral Law, no ancient people seemed so little conscious of any religious connection between the present and a future life. Greece was in this respect a contrast to almost all the other Indo-European nations. The Iranians founded on their ethical dualism a positive and intelligible theory of immortality — a theory which, passing first into Judaism and then into Christianity, has played so great a part in the religious history of the world. The Teutonic tribes so conceived the future as to reduce death to a "home-going," "a return to the Father." The Kelts believed in a metempsychosis which made the future life as active as the present. The Indian Aryans evolved, as already seen, from their early naturalism a religion whose distinctive characteristic was the continued existence of the transmigrating soul. But the Greek, whose conception of life was the most ethical, whose religious faith was the most beautiful, believed a religion which left him to live and die without the hope of an immortal hereafter.

The causes of this peculiarity in the religious development of Greece can be fully ascertained only by a minute study of its

successive phases. Here, however, two may be specified: (1) the national mythology crystallized into permanent form before the national mind attained to full religious consciousness; (2) religious thought did not develop within, but without, this mythology.

The Greek mind lived long in the mythical and imaginative stages. Centuries after the Indians and Iranians had elaborated great religious systems, the Hellenes remained in the simplest nature-worship. Their manner of life had been unfavourable to the birth and growth of religious thought, but conducive to the formation of brave and resolute character. The hero was more to the Greek than to the Indian; the god more to the Indian than the Greek. In the Vedic hymns, the theological side is the predominant, but in the Homeric poems, apart from the general idea of the whole, the subordinate (a) — the divine action the mere background of the human. The first are religious; the second secular. The Rishis composed their hymns to praise the gods; but Homer made his poems to glorify the heroes. The Vedic mythology is the younger, but the more religious; the Homeric the older, but the more mythical. The Hindu hymns show a dependence of man on God, an abasement of self, a need of priestly mediation and sacrifice such as the Hellenic epics do not reveal: yet these, as later, are more perfect expressions of the Greek than those are of the Indian mind. The latter are more individual, the former more national. Homer and Hesiod, as Preller says, are only "mythical collective names." (b) Behind them lie centuries of mythological development: in them the results are concentrated, co-ordinated, and combined. The Hellenic faith thus crystallized at the point where the mythical deposit was greatest. The natural elements in it were many; the subjective and spiritual were few. The myths of the instinctive had been translated into the mythology of the imaginative stage, but not into the beliefs of the reflective.

The Greek Theogony remained, on the whole, as Homer and Hesiod had made

(a) Living Age, No. 1496.

(a) Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterlehre*, II. p. 69.

(b) *Griechis. Mythologie*, I. p. 14.

it; (a) received mythical developments or additions, but did not change its character. But while it stood still, mind grew, became conscious of many things that did not lie in the old naturalism, even as poetically transfigured. Religion degenerated into a beautiful accessory to a singularly rich and genial life; thought became the actual ethical and religious Teacher. (b) The separation or antagonism of religion and thought is, indeed, a misfortune, pre-eminently so for the religion; for when it ceases to lead the national thought, it falls behind the nation,—crystallizes only to be hopelessly pulverized. And so ancient Greece experienced. The myths delighted the fine fancy of the people, the religious festivals gave to the lighter side of the national character a sphere in which to play; but the higher functions of religion passed to poetry and philosophy. If in the days of Pausanias the old faith still lived in quiet rural spots, it had died centuries before in the centres of intellectual activity. The Exegetæ might repeat and explain in the temples the old myths, but the true divines were poets, like Pindar, in whose odes the ancient mythology was exalted and transfigured. (c) Zeus might still in the popular traditions thunder from Olympus, or wage an unequal contest with his subtle and termagant Queen, but in the hands of Æschylos he had been raised into a diviner deity. (d) The people might believe that, once "immortal gods and mortal men partook of a common table, and lived under a common roof;" (e) but philosophy had in Plato sublimed God into the supreme good, which only purified reason could apprehend. (f) Priests and people might imagine the gods to be animated by passion and pleased by sacrifice, but speculation had resolved deity into the

unmoved mover of all things. (a) The superstitious or the politic might consult the oracle at Delphi, but the sage sought within himself the only voice he could obey. Religion and religious thought had thus not only parted company, but fallen into violent antagonism. Devout men, no longer able to be religious in the old sense, because religious in a deeper, had to distinguish between Religion as mythical, civil, and philosophical. (b) The old religion, crystallized at the imaginative stage, could satisfy only those who remained there: those who had passed beyond it had to create in its stead a religion of religious thought.

The peculiar order and conditions of religious development in Greece thus made the belief in immortality not so much the property of its religion as of its thought. Had thought developed under the mythico-religious forms until it had changed their matter, in other words, had the religion grown with the mind of the nation and passed with it from the mythical into the reflective stage, then our belief would have risen as a religious doctrine, shaped and enforced by religious sanctions. But, as it was, the poets became the true priests of Greece, (c) embodying in Epic or Ode or Tragedy the ideas of Moral Law and Order and Judgment; the philosophers her true prophets, revealing mind in Nature, the supreme Good within, above and before man. So our belief, ignored by the popular religion, sought recognition and development at the hands of the actual priests and prophets. It rose in answer to the demand first of the religious and moral instincts, and then of the reason. The answer to the former was given at first crudely in the mysteries, then clearly and grandly in the lyrical and tragic poets; the answer to the latter in the nobler and more spiritual philosophies. The mysteries were attempts to supplement the deficiencies of the national religion; the philosophies to reach ultimate and universal truth. The belief, as expressed in the

(a) Herodotos, ii. 53.

(b) Bunsen, *Christianity and Mankind*, iv. p. 195. For a profound and appreciative discussion of the relations of philosophy and religion, see Hegel's *Geschich. der Philos.* i. 76, ff., *Religionsphilos.* i. 20, ff.

(c) *Olymp.* i. 44-57; ix. 35-62; Bunsen's *God in Hist.* ii. p. 149; Grote's *Hist. of Greece*, pp. 385, f. (ed. 1869).

(d) *Suppl.* 81-95. 518-521, 584-590; *Agamem.* 1461, 1462 (Paley's ed. 1861).

(e) Aratus, *Phæn.* 61; Pausanias, viii. 2.

(f) *Repub.* vi. vol. ii. 509.

(a) Aristotle, *Metaph.* xi. vii. 2-6.

(b) Plutarch, *De Plac. Philos.* i. 6; *Amator.* 18; *M. Scævola apud Augus. De Civit. Dei.* iv. 27; *Varro.* lb. iv. 5.

(c) Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterlehre*, ii. 68.

first, witnesses only to a need felt alike by Greek and barbarian, but as expressed in the second, to a demand made by the constructive reason at its best. The mysteries were in their use and meaning national, significant only for a land whose public religion knew no future state; but the philosophies and their results have a universal importance, have helped and still help to shape the faith of the Christian world.

Our belief thus unfolded in Greece under conditions precisely the reverse of those which existed in India, and as the conditions differed, so did the results. The principles which imply or lead to transmigration were alien to the Greek spirit. It had seized too firmly the notion of personality alike as to gods and men, of freedom, of the ethical principles implied in the government of the world and in the nature of man, to allow metempsychosis to obtain a permanent foothold on Grecian soil. Then, too, the belief in immortality was never general in Greece. (a) A religion alone could have nationalized it. Beliefs which depend on a given moral or metaphysical conception of the universe can never be general. But while religion alone can give universality, thought alone can give perpetuity to a belief, adapt it to changed times, defend it against novel objections, reconcile it with new sciences or fresh discoveries. If the faith in immortality has lived into this nineteenth century, it is in great part because Christianity has been married to the spirit and many of the results of the higher Greek Philosophy. Our former paper led us to the study of a belief the antithesis of our own, but our present leads us to the study of one of its sources. While in Palestine the Messianic belief and hope, which blossomed into the Christ of Christianity, were putting forth their tender shoots, the faith in an immortal hereafter for man was seeking in Greece basis and form. The history of that search is what this paper attempts to give.

ii. HOMER.

The Homeric poems form the natural starting-point of our inquiry. They are

impersonal in the highest sense — mirror the faith, not of a man, but of an age. For the Greeks even more than for us, the significant point was the nationality of the poems, not the individuality of the poet. The doctrine of a future state exhibited in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* was the doctrine held by the then Hellenic peoples. It was not peculiar to the man Homer — the poet's own doctrine "not only a defect in his system of mythology, but a striking eccentricity of his genius." (a) The picture he draws may be "for this world only, for the mortality, not for the immortality of man," (b) but the picture is faithful alike in its minute details and general effect. Poems like the Homeric can fulfil their end only so far as faithful pictures of the men and the religion they portray. The heroes were always dear to the Hellenic heart, and had Homer given them a worse fate hereafter than the popular faith did, his songs would have awakened censure rather than applause. Certain distinguished thinkers, indeed, showed small mercy to the old blind poet. Pythagoras consigned him to punishment in Hades. (c) Herakleitos would have expelled him and his songs from the national games. (d) Plato banished him from his ideal Republic, (e) in great part because of his sins on this very point. (f) But, then, these men judged the popular faith as severely as they judged Homer. What had pleased his contemporaries offended the philosophers.

The first question to be discussed is this, Did the Homeric men believe that any part or element of man continued to exist after death? They believed that the soul, *ψυχή*, so soon as death loosened its bands, (g) quitted the body by the

(a) Colonel Mure, *Crit. Hist. of Lang. and Lit. of Anc. Greece*, I. p. 435.

(b) Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, II. p. 383.

(c) Hieronymus the Peripatetic, in Diogenes Laer. viii. 21.

(d) *Diog. Laer.* ix. 1.

(e) *Repub.* Bk. II. vol. II. 379, ff. (Steph.); *Bk. x.* vol. II. 505, ff. See also the familiar lines of Xenophanes, which declare that what both Homer and Hesiod relate of the gods would be a disgrace to men, *Sext. Empir. Adv. Math.* I. 289; ix. 193.

(f) *Repub.*, Bk. III. vol. II. 386 (Steph.)

(g) *Iliad*, viii. 123.

(i) Blackie, *Four Phases of Morals*, p. 255.

mouth, (a) or a mortal wound, (b) and either restless and unhappy while the body was unhonoured with funeral rites, haunted the earth, (c) or, when it had been so honoured, descended to live a ghostly life in Hades. (d) But what was the *ψυχή*? Its meaning in Homer is peculiar, alike removed from the simple etymological (e) and the later refined philosophical sense. It means more than the breath, because a shadowy personality remains to it after death, but less than mind or spirit. Perhaps word and idea are alike untranslatable, escape our mental grasp as the shadowy Mother of Odysseus eluded his embrace. It may be said as in a qualified sense true, that when *ψυχή* denotes what a living man possesses, its etymological meaning is apparent; but when it denotes what lives after death, its philosophical meaning is latent.

A short glance at the Homeric psychology as a whole may help us to understand the meaning of *ψυχή*. (f) There are two classes of psychological terms in Homer. The one does, the other does not, localize the mental faculties, or rather, the one does, the other does not, use the name of a physical organ to denote a mental faculty. To the first class belong such terms as *φρένες*, *ἥτορ*, *καρδίη*, *κῆρ*, *στήθος*; to the second, terms like *θυμός* *μένος* *νόος*. (g)

(a) *Iliad*, ix. 409.

(b) *Ib.* xiv. 518; xvi. 505.

(c) *Ib.*, xxiii. 65, ff.

(d) *Ib.* xvi. 85, f.; xxii. 332.

(e) Curtius (Griechisch, Etymologie, pp. 463, 482, 654)

derives *ψύχω*, whence *ψυχή*, from a root, *spu*, whence also *φύσα*, *φυσάω*, &c.; Sansk., *puppha-sa*, the lungs; *puppha-la-m*, wind. Latin, *pustula*, *pustula*; Lithuanian, *puste*, to blow, *puste*, a bladder. Cf. Fick (Vergleich. Wörterbuch, p. 626), who also derives *φύσα*, &c., from the root *spu*, to breathe, without, however, making any reference to *ψύχω*. Though the words denotive of soul in the several Indo-European tongues differ as to root, yet they agree, more or less, as to idea. The etymology of the Sanskrit *atman* is, indeed, uncertain (Bopp. Comp. Gram., i. p. 152 [Eng. Trans.]; Muller's Anc. Sansk. Lit. p. 21, note 1); and the derivation which identifies its root with *an*, whence Gr. *άνεμος*, Latin, *animus*, *anima* (Fick, Vergleich. Wörterb. pp. 19, 7. Cf. Curtius, Griechisch, Etym., p. 246) is hardly possible. The word used in the Teutonic dialects, Goth., *saicala*, O. H. G. *seola*, *sele*; M. H. G., *sele*; A. G. S., *saut*; our soul, Dan., *sjæl*, is related in root with the Goth., *saies*, sea (Grimm, Deuts. Mythol. p. 786. Von Raumer in Delitzsch. Bib. Psychol., p. 129), which is, of course, in certain respects air-like. But see Fick, p. 885.

(f) Nagelsbach, *Homeriche Theologie*, pp. 390-397 (2nd ed.), with the valuable notes of the editor: Volcker, *ψυχή* and *είδωλον*; Nitzsch, *Anmerkungen zu Homer's Odyssee*, vol. iii, pp. 189, ff.; Welcker, *Griechisch, Gotteslehre*, i pp. 84, ff. may be consulted, especially the first two, for a fuller exposition of the Homeric Psychology than is here possible.

(g) The earliest psychological terms seem to have been formed either from the bodily organ affected by the mental act or emotion, or from the effect pro-

duced by mental states on the body as a whole. Hence the two classes of terms noticed in the text. The functional terms refer to the heart and breast rather than the head—naturally so with a people accustomed to act and feel rather than think. Of the other class of terms, *θυμός* comes from a root, *dhū*, to sound, to rush, to rage (Fick, Vergleich. Wörterb. p. 163; Curtius, Griechisch, Etym., 245), and its use seems to have risen from the analogous effects of a storm on nature and strong feeling or passion on the body. Hence Plato (*Krat.* 419) is partially right in deriving *θυμός* from the rushing and boiling of the soul,—soul being understood in the later sense. *Μένος*, again, is from a root, *men*, or *man*, which possibly denoted the tense or strained state of the body seeking to grasp a thing desired. But see Curtius (Gr. Etym., 291, f.).

(a) *Il.*, xi. 682, cf. vii. 189; *Il.*, xv. 81, cf. *Od.*, xviii. 228; *Il.*, i. 193; v. 671; xv. 163.
(b) *Il.*, iv. 163, and often.
(c) *Il.*, xi. 334; *Od.*, xxi. 154.
(d) *Il.*, v. 296.
(e) Nagelsbach, *Hom. Theol.* p. 396.
(f) *Il.*, iv. 470; xii. 386, cf. v. 696; xiv. 518.

but the latter can never, like the former, know, or hesitate, or perceive. *ψυχή*, in short, is, in Homer, a physical term; denotes the bodily, not the spiritual, life.

The powers denoted by the psychological terms cease to be at death, but the *ψυχή* continues to exist. The *θυμός*, used as the synonyme of *ψυχή*, is, indeed, said to descend to Hades, (a) but the assimilation of the terms is never carried so far as to allow the *θυμός* to reside there. (b) That is possible to the *ψυχή* alone. Then *φρένες* are denied to the dead. Achilles exclaims, when he sees the shade of Patroklos, "Oh, strange! in the house of Hades there is soul and shadow, but no mind" (*φρένες*). (c) Teiresias, the Theban seer, has indeed, a steadfast mind (*φρένες ἐμπεδός*) and understanding (*νόον*), but in this he is alone among the dead; "the others flit like shadows," (d) are but "the ghostly forms of deceased mortals," without consciousness or thought (*ὑπράδεις*). (e) They are *ἄκηριοι*, (f) without *κῆρ* (cor, heart); *ἡμενηνὸν κῆρην*, (g) beings without *μένος*. Homer thus seems careful to deny to the *ψυχή* the intellectual and active powers characteristic of the living man. It is out of the body, as it was in it, without any spiritual qualities.

How, then, does Homer conceive the *ψυχή*? What kind and degree of being does he attribute to the dead? The *ψυχή* is an *εἶδωλον*; (h) the *ψυχὰι* dwelling in Hades are *εἶδωλα καμόντων*, (i) the ghostly forms of deceased or worn-out men. *εἶδωλον* thus does not mean in Homer, as in Pindar, the deathless and divinely derived part of man, (j) but only his phantom or image. The phantom of Æneas which Apollo creates to deceive Trojans and Greeks, and round which they continued to fight; (k) the form Athene makes like Iphthima, and sends to visit the dreams of Penelope; (l) the semblance of Herakles which remains in Hades while he himself feasts with the immortal gods (m) are *εἶδωλα*. The *εἶδωλον* thus stands opposed to the real person; is intangible, impotent — a shadow which can neither embrace nor be em-

braced. Odysseus in vain thrice attempts to clasp the shade of his mother, (a) and Agamemnon tries but fails to seize Odysseus. (b) They are compared to shadows (*σκαί*) (c) or dreams. (d) They "squeak and gibber," (e) twitter like bats, (f) scream like frightened birds, (g) emit confused noises not at all to be compared with human speech. (h) But here Homer falls into curious and instructive inconsistencies. The shades of the dead are not mere illusions; are real after their kind. Odysseus fears that Persephone may have sent to him an *εἶδωλον* instead of his mother. (i) The very attempt to conceive the shadow changed it into a substance. To attribute to it any action whatever was to attribute to it reality. And so while Homer denies *φρένες*, *θυμός*, *μένος*, and *κῆρ*, to the *εἶδωλα καμόντων*, he yet represents them as self-conscious and self-determining. They see and fear the sword of Odysseus. (j) They refuse to the soul of the unburied Patroklos entrance into Hades. (k) The unburied can appear and speak to the living, asleep or awake; (l) but while the buried cannot do so of their own will, because in Hades, they can yet by drinking the blood shed at a sacrifice to the dead enjoy a temporary return to consciousness and semi-vitality. Thus in the Nekyia of the Odyssey the ghosts crowd eagerly round the trench Odysseus has dug and filled with the blood of his sacrifice, (m) and so soon as they taste it, can recognize and speak with him. His mother can describe her own death, what happened at Ithaka after his departure, and her dream-like life in Hades. (n) Agamemnon can tell the story of his murder, and mourn his wretched fate. (o) Achilles, while lamenting his own miserable lot, rejoices to hear of his son's heroism. (p) The blood can thus give back for the moment consciousness and speech to the soul, probably because the blood and breath were considered as the causes and conditions in their union of life, in their separation of death. (q) But even before

(a) Il., vii. 131.

(b) Od., xi. 221, 222, where the *θυμός* and the *ψυχή* are expressly distinguished, the latter alone being in Hades.

(c) Il., xxiii. 103, 104.

(d) Od., x. 493-495.

(e) Od., xi. 476.

(f) Il., xxi. 466.

(g) Od., xi. 29, 49.

(h) Il., xxiii. 104.

(i) Od. xi. 476; xxvi. 14.

(j) Frag. ex Threnis, II. 5.

(k) Il. v. 449-451.

(l) Od., iv. 736.

(m) Od., xi. 602.

(a) Od., xi. 206-208.

(b) Od., xi. 833, 834.

(c) Od., x. 495.

(d) Od., xi. 207, 222.

(e) Il., xxiii. 101; Od., xxiv. 5.

(f) Od., xxiv. 7, 9.

(g) Od. xi. 605.

(h) Od., xi. 633.

(i) Od., xi. 213.

(j) Od., xi. 231, 232.

(k) Il., xxiii. 72-74.

(l) Il., xxiii. 65-67; Od. xi. 51, 52.

(m) Od., xi. 143, 225-227.

(n) Od., xi. 152-224.

(o) Od., xi. 405-461.

(p) Od., xi. 484-540.

(q) But see Nitzsch (Anmerk. z. Odys., III. p. 203), who maintains that the belief in the power of blood

drinking the blood it could perceive, desire, and act. The Homeric conception was evidently transitional; thought had advanced beyond language. The soul had become, or was becoming, to the former a substance, while it remained to the latter a shadow.

Our next question is as to the relation of the *ψυχή* καὶ εἰδωλον to the actual man. Whether did he perish with the body, or continue to exist as soul? The question in this form was the product of an age later than the Homeric. To affirm that to Homer "the I, the human self-consciousness, ceased to be at death," (a) or that to him "what continued to exist was the personal element of the body," (b) is to affirm on either side too much. Now the body and now the soul is described as the person, but in such cases poetical necessity is the grand arbiter of terms. To an impassioned Achilles, flushed with victory and gratified revenge, a dead body is in one line the actual Hector, a soul in another the actual Patroklos. (c) The poet about to sing the woes caused by the wrath of Achilles leaves the heroes a prey to dogs, while their souls go to Hades; (d) but when he paints his hero's visit to Hades (e) personality is entirely detached from the body, and attached to the soul. Thus, if only death was regarded, it seemed the cessation of existence; if the soul was conceived, it seemed the continuance of the person. As a matter of fact neither was fully meant. The person was to Homer neither the body nor the soul, but the living man. At death the hero as such ceased to be. The body, the vehicle of the powers constitutive of the man, was dissolved; the soul, its mere shadow, alone remained. But the inevitable tendency of thought was to deny personality to the one and give it to the other. The tendency exists in Homer, and, in spite of the spirit and design of his poems, he tends to conceive the soul as the continued though attenuated person, but his thought, as transitional and so far unconscious, cannot be translated into the language of later metaphysics.

A life after death was thus in a certain sense affirmed by Homer. But in what relation did the life here stand to the life hereafter? The one had no religious con-

nection with the other. Zeus, the supreme god of the living, had no authority over the dead. (a) Death was departure from the realm he ruled. He can, indeed, translate mortals like Menelaos to the Elysian plain, (b) or raise others like Gaïymedes to the society of the Immortals, (c) but with, not without, the body—before, not after, death. And like limitations bind the other Olympians. Athene alone seems an exception, as she claims to have saved Herakles from the Styx; (d) but Herakles was a living, not a dead man. Thus piety could not lighten, nor impiety deepen, the misery of Hades. Reverence of the gods was there unrewarded; contempt of them unpunished.

The underworld had, indeed, its own proper deities, Aides and Persephone; (e) the former, the infernal or subterranean Zeus; the latter, not, as in the later mythology the lost and lovely daughter of Demeter, but the veritable Queen of the Shades. (f) Teiresias owes to her his seership. (g) She gathers and disperses the shades of the women. (h) Odysseus suspects she has deluded him with a phantom instead of his mother, (i) and flees in terror lest she send out to him the Gorgon's head. (j) The epithets applied to her, *ἀνθή*, *ἀγανή* *ἐκτανύη*, express the awe with which the Queen of the Dead inspired the living. But neither Aides nor Persephone ruled the future with any reference to the piety, properly so called, of the present. Religion was to the Homeric Greek profitable only to the life that now is. Sacrifices persuaded the Olympians to friendliness; but Aides, implacable and inexorable, the most hateful to mortals of all the gods, (k) remained almost without worship, (l) so little relation had he to the present.

But the religious was not to Homer the highest element. Behind and above Zeus *Μοῖρα* stands; beside Aides and Persephone *Ἐρινός*. *Μοῖρα* embodied the idea of an order, *Ἐρινός* of an authority, or moral law,

(a) Mr Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 218, claims for Zeus a limited power over the dead; but the lines to which he refers, *Od.* xi. 300-304, can be interpreted in harmony with the statement of the text.

(b) *Od.* iv. 562.

(c) *Il.* xx. 233.

(d) *Il.* viii. 362-369.

(e) *Il.* ix. 457.

(f) Priller, *Demeter und Persephone*, p. 9; Mr. Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. pp. 218, ff.

(g) *Od.* x. 494.

(h) *Od.* xi. 226.

(i) *Od.* xi. 213.

(j) *Od.* xi. 634-5.

(k) *Il.* ix. 158-9.

(l) Pausanias, vi., xxv. 3; Mr. Gladstone, *Juv. Mundi*, pp. 253, f.

to restore consciousness arose from the custom of sacrificing to the dead. He seems, however, to reverse the true order, and substitute cause for effect.

(a) Nagelsbach, *Hom. Theol.* 350.

(b) Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterl.* i. 811.

(c) *Il.* xxiii. 19-21.

(d) *Il.* i. 3, 4.

(e) *Od.* xi.

above every personal will, divine or human. (a) The gods fear the Erinyes, who maintain even against the gods the established order of things. (b) They dwell in the underworld, and so are associated with the Chthonian deities. In the curse pronounced upon Phoenix by his father the Erinyes are invoked, but Aides and dread Persephone hear and fulfil it. (c) Althea, in her imprecation on her son, calls upon the two deities, but Erinyes, who stalks in darkness, implacable of heart, hears from Erebus. (d) The ethical idea of retribution stands thus impersonated in the Erinyes: the associates, perhaps, rather ministers of the Chthonian gods; but is it a retribution limited to the present, or extending to the future? Of the twelve places where they are mentioned in the Homeric poems, ten quite certainly refer to the present. (e) Their action or judgment is exhausted here. Of the other two, one is the poetic myth concerning the daughters of Pandareos, carried off by the Harpies, and given up to be ministers to the Erinyes. (f) But this is without reference to death or the state of the dead, and so to the retributions of a future life. The other text seems more explicit. Agamemnon, when protesting his innocence as to Briseis, invokes as witnesses "Zeus, highest and best of the gods, Ge, Helios, and Erinyes, who dwell beneath the earth, and punish men forsworn." (g) A similar text, in a similar invocation, appeals to the infernal pair "who punish dead men who break their oaths." (h) Homeric man seems thus to have had a glimpse of a moral law operative against perjury alike here and hereafter, and so associated its action with the infernal powers. But texts like the above easily mean more to us than they did to the early Greeks. The most awful oath the gods could swear was by the Styx, (i) the symbol of death, even to the Immortals. (j) So man in his most solemn oaths invoked the powers under the earth, whose function it was to punish by death the man forsworn. And this is the more notable, as in Homer's picture of the underworld the Erinyes have no place. While

Epicaste dies, her Erinyes remain behind to follow her husband-son. (a) The ghostly dead cannot suffer such punishments as they inflict; if any can, the perjured alone. Had Homer's idea of spirit been as vivid and definite as his idea of law, he would have placed the present and the future in more intimate relation to each other. The notion of spirit as such was strangely foreign to him. His very gods were material, and had a material immortality. (b) Their relations to men, whether as parents or protectors, were conceived physically. Men who boasted a divine descent were divine only as to the body; their souls were ghostly, like other men's. The soul was not to Homer, as to Horace, "divinæ particula auræ," (c) or as to Virgil, "est ollis cœlestis origo seminibus," (d) but only "tenuis sine corpore vita, cava sub imagine formæ." (e) Later the spiritual similarity of gods and men was the basis of the faith in immortality, but without the premise Homer could not reach the conclusion. Immortality was the distinctive attribute of the gods, communicable to a living, but not to a dead man. The ethical element, without the metaphysical, could not connect the present and the future. The Erinyes could not follow a soul which was but a shadow.

In Homer's notion of the future state, as in his conception of the $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$, incompatible and transitional elements existed. (f) The only home of the dead he knew was the House of Aides. Tartaros was the prison of defeated gods. (g) The Elysian plain the heaven of certain translated mortals. (h) But in the realm of Aides dwelt the souls of all the dead. It was the shadow of the upper world, as the soul was the shadow of the man; had its rivers and mountains, meadows and flowers, &c. (i) It was a region of cheerless gloom, abhorred of the gods. (j) It was not a scene of retribution, but of deprivation — the ghostly home of ghosts. In the original Homeric conception pious and impious were mingled together — a multitude of wailing souls, whose life was one of unrelieved misery. (k) The souls of the dead stand round Odysseus wailing, each one

(a) Nagelsbach, *Hom. Theol.*, pp. 262, ff.; Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, II. 306, ff.; Juv. Mundl, 350, ff.

(b) II., xv. 24; XIX. 418; XXI. 410-414.

(c) II., ix. 454-457.

(d) II., ix. 565-568.

(e) II., ix. 454, 567; xv. 204; XIX. 87, 418; XXI. 412; Od. II. 135; XI. 279; xv. 234; XVII. 475.

(f) Od., xx. 78.

(g) II., XIX. 258-260.

(h) II., III. 278-9.

(i) II., XIV. 271; xv. 37-38. Hesiod, *Theog.*, 775 (Paley's ed.).

(j) Nagelsbach, *Hom. Theol.*, p. 40.

(a) Od., XI. 279.

(b) Nagelsbach, *Hom. Theol.* pp. 39, ff.

(c) *Sat.*, II. 2, 73.

(d) *Æneid*, VI. 730.

(e) *Æneid*, VI. 294.

(f) B. Constant, *De la Religion*, vol. III. pp. 377, ff.

(g) II., XIV. 274; VIII. 479; 12-16.

(h) Od., IV. 500. Preller, *Griechis. Mythol.* I. 507.

(i) Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterl.*, I. 798, ff.; Preller, *Griechis. Mythol.* I. 501, ff.

(j) II., XX. 65.

(k) Od., XI. 605.

telling his sorrows.(a) His mother comes to him lamenting.(b) Agamemnon "weeps shrilly," and sheds the big tear.(c) Achilles approaches sorrowing, and meets the gentle remonstrance, "Be not grieved at death," with the terrible words, "Do not, illustrious Odysseus, talk to me about death. Rather would I be alive upon the face of the earth and serve for hire a master, and a needy master too, than be lord of the whole world of the dead." (d)

But this primitive and purely negative conception could not maintain itself. In the Homeric theology the notions of merit and reward were strangely absent. Gods and men stood too near each other: the god became easily jealous of the prosperous man. The Erinyes exhibited law on its penal side. Hence such transitional elements as existed in the conception of the future state were retributive: the tendency was not to conceive the good as rewarded, but special sinners as punished. In three pictures the existence and growth of this tendency are indicated. Tityos lies stretched over nine acres, and two vultures tear his liver.(e) Tantalos stands up to the chin in a lake, ever stooping to drink, while the water ever escapes his lip.(f) Sisyphos ever rolls his stone to the hill-top only to see it evermore return.(g) In these almost certainly post-Homeric pictures, the idea of retribution stands embodied.(h) In Tityos, lust is punished in its peculiar seat; in Tantalos, gluttony; in Sisyphos, the speculative curiosity that seeks to transcend the limits appointed to human reason.(i) Beside these stands another and no less significant set of pictures. Minos, the phantom judge of the phantom dead, Orion, the phantom hunter, and Herakles, whose shadow lives below while he himself feasts above.(j) These

mark the progress towards a more life-like and less miserable conception of the future. The souls are becoming more substantive; their home, their sufferings, and their acts more real.

Such then was the Homeric belief in the future life of the soul, a faltering, inconsistent, indistinct, yet veracious utterance of that great human instinct which demands for man continued existence. It stood in no relation to the idea of God, and so had no ground in reason; had no connection with religion, and so could address no appeal to hope or fear. Because thus isolated, the belief was indefinite, feeble, inconsistent — an uttered longing which had sought but not found stable footing. Apotheosis in its proper sense was unknown to Homer,(a) and was never as it existed in Greece promotive of the belief in Immortality. The exceptionality of the boon it gave only helped to deepen the dreariness of the common lot. Translation(b) too was so rare and so conditioned as only to tantalize ordinary mortals with examples of unattainable bliss. The hero and the coward, the wise man and the fool, alike died, became shadows, and lived lives of gloomy misery in Hades. Hence the despair that sits at the heart of Homeric man when he becomes conscious of the lot appointed him by a mocking and ironical destiny.(c) Men are *deiot* or *δίοιοι* *βροτοί*, are short-lived,(d) and each generation like the leaves of spring, which perish before the winds of autumn.(e) In the eye of Zeus there is no more wretched being than man of all that live and move upon the earth.(f) Bright and beautiful as was the life of the Homeric Greeks upon the surface, the agony was at its heart, which was soon to be uttered in perhaps the most memorable of the many axioms of despair — "The best of all things to mortals is not to be born and see the rays of the bright sun, but when born to die as soon as possible and lie buried under a load of earth." (g)

(a) Od. xi. 541, 542.

(b) Od., xi. 154.

(c) Od., xi. 381.

(d) Od., xi. 472, 486-491.

(e) Od., xi. 576-581.

(f) Od., xi. 582-592.

(g) Od., xi. 593-600.

(h) Into the *questio vexata* of the interpolations in the eleventh *Odyssey* it is, of course, not possible to enter here. The entire passage, 565-627, seems to me for many reasons certainly spurious, and marks, perhaps, two successive stages in the development of the belief. The lines 567-575 and 601-623, the first stage, in which the soul and the underworld become less shadowy, more substantial; but the lines 576-600, the second stage in which the ethical and retributive idea receives expression. But see Nitzsch. *Anmerk. z. Odys.*, vol. iii. pp. 304, f.; K. O. Müller's *Hist. of the Lit. of Anc. Greece*, i. 51. Cf., on the other side, Colonel Mure, *Hist. Lang. and Lit. of Anc. Gr.* ii. 135, ff.

(i) See the elaborate discussion in Nitzsch, iii. 320, ff. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 595-600; Lucetius, iii. 980-997 (Monro's ed.)

(j) Od., xi. 568-575, 601-623.

(a) Nitzsch. *Anmerk. z. Odys.*, iii. 182, 340, ff. On the other side, Colonel Mure, *Crit. Hist.* i. 500, 501.

(b) Mr. Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 313, f.

(c) Il., xxiv. 521, ff. Cf. Nagelsbach, *Hom. Theol.* 371; Mr. Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 393.

(d) Od., xix. 323.

(e) Il., vi. 146-149.

(f) Il., xvii. 446. Cf. Od., xviii. 130.

(g) Theognis, 425. Cf. the story of the captive Silenus, Plutarch, *Consolatio ad Apollonium*, *Opp. Moral.* (Wytteneb. ed.), vol. i., pp. 483, f.; Cicero, *Tusc.* i. 43. Also Sophokles, *Oid. Kol.*, 1225; *Oid. Tyr.*, 1528-30.

iii. HESIOD.

The Hesiodic poems are more specifically religious than the Homeric, pervaded by a humaner and more ethical spirit. Had the belief in immortality then existed in Greece, it would, as pregnant with the promise of a golden future, have been peculiarly attractive to a poet like Hesiod, with his intense love of the traditional happier past, and his almost morbid sense of the wrongs and miseries of the present. The men of the golden age had indeed died as if falling into a gentle sleep, and had become by the will of God good spirits, guardians of mortal men.^(a) The silver race, less pious than the golden, had been engulfed in the earth, and become the Blest of the underworld.^(b) The brazen race, terrible as they were, black Death had seized, and, inglorious, they had descended to the dreary house of chilly Aides.^(c) The men of the heroic age had either died before seven-gated Thebes, or in the war for fair-headed Helen, or been translated to the Isles of the Blest, where they lived, happy and careless, in a land which thrice a year bore fruit sweet as honey.^(d) But no hope of an Elysium cheered the men of the fifth, the poet's own age.^(e) To them death was a dread god, inexorable, iron of heart, a ruthless soul of brass in his breast, hostile even to the immortal gods.^(f) Aides, too, has a relentless heart,^(g) and at death souls descend to his dark and cheerless domain.^(h)

Hesiod, then, did little to modify or improve our belief. Yet there are signs of progress. The notion of spirit is clearer and firmer than in Homer. It can exist without body, can live as a demon upon or under the earth. The spiritual element in man approximates to the spiritual in God. The heroes are demi-gods. The selecter spirits are immortal.⁽ⁱ⁾ Ethical notions, too, are developed. Each age is rewarded according to its works. The belief is nascent. The first green shoots appear.

(a) Hesiod, *Opp. et Di.*, 116-123 (Paley's ed.).

(b) *Ib.*, 147-143.

(c) *Ib.*, 153-155.

(d) *Ib.*, 161-173. I adopt Weleker's (Kleine Schriften, 1 23) interpretation of 166, 167, which is also Grote's (*History*, 1. 65), in preference to Heyne's, which makes all the heroes be translated to the Isles of the Blest.

(e) Hesiod, *Opp. et Di.*, 174-181.

(f) Theog., 759-766.

(g) *Ib.*, 455, 456.

(h) *Scut. Her.*, 151, 254.

(i) Cf. Tacitus, *Agricola*, 46: "Si quis plorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non eum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ." Minds moving upwards to faith, or downwards to doubt, often strangely meet on the road.

IV: THE MYSTERIES.

In the ghostly and gloomy future of the popular and epical faith the Greeks could not permanently believe. The wail of Achilles, the tears of Agamemnon, the contemptuous pity of Zeus, the plaintive sigh of Hesiod over his birth in the age of mortal men,^(a) but give voice to the corrosive misery that lay at the heart of Greece. Every step forward taken by the Greek mind made higher notions of the future destiny of man the more necessary. With the growth of civilization nationality had waned, individuality had waxed. While pictures of a happier past had satisfied the imaginative age, nothing but belief in a conscious future could satisfy the reflective, and save the Greek mind from the epicurean despair that made man festive in life because in death like a voiceless stone.^(b) Had religion developed with mind, the belief would have risen out of their sympathetic and concurrent interaction; but as the religion had crystallized into a mythology and worship which regarded the present alone, it had as to the future neither promise to utter nor truth to reveal. Hero-worship, the natural product of a heroic land like Greece, had led to Apotheosis. Elect men had been deified and so immortalized. But this, while helping to naturalize the thought of immortality, did not generalize it into a belief. Only the rarest spirits could be raised to the circle of the immortal gods. Their reward could not become the common inheritance of man. But the Greek mind, determined partly by its own instincts and aspirations interpreting the nature within and without man, and partly by foreign influences stimulating and supplementing native thought, found out a way to the faith that it craved. A new religion was developed, not as antagonistic, but only as supplementary, to the old. A Chthonian court was constructed over against the Olympian, and while from the latter the Greek by public worship craved present prosperity, by secret he craved from the former future happiness. Of the Mysteries thus formed, the Eleusinian are the product of the native Greek mind, the Orphic-Dionysian the fruit of foreign influence.

1. THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES.

The worship of Father-Heaven had developed into the Olympian system, of Mother-Earth into the Chthonian. The

(a) *Opp. et Di.*, 175.

(b) *Theog.*, 667.

gods of the first were the products of the creative and combining imagination, those of the second of the intuitive and reflective reason. To the mythical faculty Heaven was the symbol of the active and generative forces, earth of the passive and created. The one was perennial, unchanging, present; the other subject to ceaseless change, the scene of growth and decay, birth and death. Demeter, Aides, and Persephone were not originally gods of the underworld, but of the dying and reviving earth. (a) Their earliest worship had been festivals at seed-time and harvest. The earth-mother had mourned when the fruits and flowers she loved died, rejoiced when they arrived. Aides had borne away from the face of earth and the light of Heaven the daughter Demeter loved, but only to restore her when the Sun bade spring return. Life in man and nature was to the early Greek allied, akin. Earth was to him a mirror—a hieroglyph into which he explained himself. So the God that ruled the growth and decay of earth, ruled the coming and going of man, determined his future state. In his brilliant and heroic youth the bright gods of Olympus had charmed and satisfied the Greek: in his sadder and more reflective manhood the stern deities of the underworld occupied his thought. His love of those he had embodied in epic mythology and worship, his awe of these in mystic sacrifice and ablation. (b)

This new faith and worship finds its earliest embodiment in the Homeric Hymn to Demeter. (c) The transition from the old earth-worship to a worship which gives a better hope in death is just being accomplished. The deities which presided over growth and decay above now preside over the life below. Aides is no longer the shadowy king of the Shades known to Homer, but own brother of Zeus, (d) the all-receiver, (e) the veritable king of the dead. (f) Worship of the infernal deities is necessary to future happiness. Perse-

phone, as wife of Aides, shall be mistress of all, and enjoy the greatest honour among the immortals. (a) Vengeance shall follow those who do not propitiate her heart by sacrifices. (b) He of mortal men who beholds the mystic rites is blest: he who is uninitiated does not participate in felicity, has a very different lot in the murky kingdom of death. (c) And the mysteries, which thus supplied a religion for the next world, became dear to the heart of Greece. The Chthonian deities rivalled the Olympian. Demeter and Persephone were goddesses loved and revered, holy and august, the most sacred names by which men could swear. (d) Pindar sang that the man who had prior to death seen the mysteries was happy, knew the end of life and its god-given beginning. (e) Sophokles pronounced the initiated thrice happy: to them alone was there life in Hades; to others evil. (f) Euripides makes Herakles say on his return from the underworld that he has succeeded in his struggle with Kerberos, because he had seen the mystic orgies. (g) The initiated sing in Aristophanes, "To us alone shines the glad sunlight there." (h) Isocrates praises Demeter because of her two gifts, the fruits of the field and the mysteries, those who participate in the latter having the sweeter hopes for the end of life and for all eternity. (i) Diodorus says that the gods grant through initiation an eternal life, spent in pleasant devotion. (j) Cicero says these Attic mysteries have taught men not only to live cheerfully, but also to die with a better hope. (k) Krinagoras sends men to Athens to see the solemnities of Demeter, that they may live without care and die with a lighter heart. (l)

(a) Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterl.*, i. 335, ff.; Preller, *Griechis. Mythol.* i. 464, ff.

(b) The controversy as to whether there was any dogmatic teaching connected with the Mysteries, and if so, what, may be regarded as at an end. The public and secret worship of Greece were in this respect very much on a level. Both were spectacular, neither doctrinal in almost any degree whatever. Of course, under the ceremonies and acts of worship certain distinct enough conceptions lay, and it is with these alone that we are now concerned.

(c) See J. H. Voss, *Hymne an Demeter*, with an excellent translation and notes; or the Hymn as given in Baumeister's *Hymni Homerici* (1890).

(d) *Hymn* 80, 335.

(e) *Ib.*, 9, 17.

(f) *Ib.*, 31, 84.

(a) *Ib.*, 364.

(b) *Ib.*, 339.

(c) *Ib.*, 480-493. See Baumeister's note, *Hymni Hom.*, p. 333; also Voss, 142, f.

(d) Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterl.*, ii. 532, f.; Grote's *History of Greece*, i. 37-44.

(e) *Frag.*, xvi, vol. iii., pt. 1. 128 (Heyne ed., 1798).

(f) Plutarch, *De Aud. Poetis*, p. 27; *Frag.*, vol. ii. p. 244; Brunkii *Sophokles*.

(g) *Herc. far.* 612.

(h) *Ranae*, 455. Cf. also 324, ff. (Bekker's ed.)

(i) *Paneg.* vi. 59.

(j) *Exerc. Vatic. Mail Coll.*, ii. 8.

(k) *Legg.*, ii. 14. Cf. *Verr.* v. 72.

(l) *Ep.* xxx. The varied and numerous allusions in Greek and Latin writers to the better hope in death derived from the Mysteries can neither be cited nor referred to in a short essay on a great subject. But see the scholarly discussions in Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, pp. 69, ff.; Welcker, *Griechis. Gotterl.*, ii. pp. 511, ff.; Preller, *Art. Eleusina*, in *Fauly's Encyclop.*; Creuzer's *Symbolik und Mythol.* iv. pp. 227, ff. Of course, Creuzer's peculiar theory of esoteric doctrines is a pure imagination. No such doctrines are needed to explain the better hope created by the Mysteries: worship of the Chthonian deities was enough.

The worship of the Chthonian deities thus furnished a religious basis to the belief in a future life. While prayer and sacrifice implored from Zeus a happy life here, the mystic rites implored from Aides a happy life hereafter. The initiated were to dwell with the gods; the uninitiated to live in slime, or bear water in a sieve. (a) The sound of the flute, sunlight beautiful as above, myrtle-groves, happy bands of men and women, delighted the initiated below. (b) Death thus became the entrance on divine honours. (c) The dead were the blessed; the happy, the god-like. (d) Death ceased to be a descent into Hades, and became a departure to the blessed. Nor were the future rewards independent of ethical conditions. The mysteries known to the Christian fathers had degenerated, — shared in the corruption that had smitten the whole body of paganism. But at first initiation had bound to moral purity. To individuals, indeed, it became a substitute for virtue. (e) and an old man, haunted as Plato describes him by the fear of the death he had once mocked, (f) might wish, like the Trygaioi of Aristophanes, to buy a little pig and get initiated before he died; (g) but to the representative Greek thinkers it stood connected with piety and righteousness and improvement of life. (h) The mysteries had helped to create and consecrate the noblest hope that can gladden the heart of man, and only in the most ignoble minds were made at once to pander to vice and promise future felicity. (i) In general the faith they both embodied and evolved saved the heart of Greece from despair, and inspired some of its noblest spirits to produce works immortal as the Odes of Pindar or the Philosophy of Plato.

2. THE ORPHIC.

The Greeks accustomed to a religion defective and cheerless in its eschatology, became in the seventh century B.C.

acquainted with religions, Eastern and Egyptian, whose eschatology was peculiarly elaborate and full. (a) The Greek genius, always receptive and susceptible, was just then, as the budding mysteries of Eleusis witness, sensitively alive to the action on this point of foreign influence. The result was an extraordinary religious development; the rise, on the one hand, of the Dionysian worship and mythology, on the other, of the Orphic Theosophy. The former increased the tendency to establish a secret eschatological religion, (b) the latter helped to originate the speculative and theosophic thought of Greece. (c) It alone can be noticed here.

The Orphic Theology, so far as now decipherable, was an amalgam, with specific Greek modifications, of Oriental and Egyptian elements. Speculative principles, clothed in mythical forms, partly Grecian, partly foreign, were prefixed and appended to the native mythology, and the whole made to embody a crude but elaborate Pantheism. The primordial principle was Chronos, (d) which generated chaos and ether, (e) by whom was produced a silver egg. (f) From this egg sprang Phanes, (g) a being who bore in himself the seed of the gods, (h) generated night, (i) and formed the Kosmos. (j) Night bore to him Uranos and Gaea. (k) The origin and succession of the other gods is then described very much as in the traditional mythology. (l) Zeus and his brothers are born of Kronos and Rhea. (m) Zeus, nursed by Eide and Adrasteia in the cave of Night, (n) dethrones Kronos, swallows and absorbs into himself the whole existing system of things, (o) and then generates a new one framed according to his own ideas. (p) The Universe, all things and beings, have thus issued from Zeus. And so Zeus is all things, first and last, head and middle, foundation of the earth and the starry heavens, male and female, the breath of all beings, the heat of the

(a) Plato, *Phæd.*, I. 69 (Steph.); II., iii. 28 (Bek.); Cf. *Repub.*, II., ii. 3-3; *Georgias*, i. 493; see notes in Bekker.

(b) Aristophanes, *Ranæ*, 164-7 (Bekker.)

(c) Scholion on *Ranæ*, 158

(d) Plato, *Legg.*, Bk. xii., vol. ii., p. 947; *Æschylus*, *Pers.* 63, f. (Faley).

(e) Plato, *Repub.*, Bk. ii., vol. ii., pp. 384-386.

(f) *Ib.*, Bk. i., vol. ii. 330.

(g) *Iax*, 379, 371.

(h) Isocrates, *Symmach.*, xii.; cf. *Paneg.*, vi.; *Phillem.*, *Frag.* xc.; Aristoph., *Ranæ* 457-460; *Epiletus*, *Diss.*, iii. 21, 15.

(i) *Ut Supra* (e). This abuse of the Mysteries is well rebuked in the characteristic story of Diogenes the cynic in *Diog.*, I. vi. 39: "It were laughable were Agesilaos and Epaminondas to lie in mud while worthless fellows because initiated should dwell in the Isles of the Blest."

(a) As to the time of the rise of the Orphic sects see Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, pp. 255, ff.; Brandis, *Geschich der Griechis.-Rom. Philos.*, i. 53, ff.; Grote's *Hist. of Greece*, i. 28, ff.

(b) Preller, *Griechis. Mythol.*, i. 436.

(c) Zeller, *Philos. der Griechen*, i. 47.

(d) Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, p. 470-2.

(e) *Ib.*, 422, f.

(f) *Ib.*, 414-7.

(g) *Ib.*, 473.

(h) *Ib.*, 486.

(i) *Ib.*, 493.

(j) *Ib.*, 496.

(k) *Ib.*, 499.

(l) *Ib.*, 501.

(m) *Ib.*, 514.

(n) *Ib.*, 517.

(o) *Ib.*, 519.

(p) *Ib.*, 526-534.

fire, the source of the sea, the sun, the moon, the Being who is all things, and in whom all beings live.(a) Zeus is thus transformed from the King of Olympos into the generative principle of the universe, and, as the generator contains the generated, to the universe as well. This Orphic Pantheism is thus, in many things, curiously alien to the conceptions of religion and man hitherto entertained in Greece.

A crude Pantheism always involves metempsychosis. Creation is impossible: new forms of being may arise, but being itself remains the same. As to man, he may be conceived either as a transient individualization of the one substance, or as an embodiment of an individualized principle, which, emanating at first from the One, must, before returning into it, describe a given cycle of appearances. The latter was the Orphic conception. The spirit, separated from the whole and individualized, (b) had the cycle of necessity *κινδύος ἀνάγκης*, or of birth, *γενέσεως*, to describe.(c) Man was still moving in the cycle, often returning to the same point, where the old relations returned exactly as before. The past life determined the present, the present the future. The body was a prison in which the soul was confined because of past sins.(d) After death the soul entered Hades, to be punished or rewarded as it deserved, and returned again to earth.(e) Ablutions and rites were instituted to purify the soul and secure it a better lot hereafter.(f) And so the Orphic Theosophy led, partly, to the development and extension and, partly, to the perversion of the mysteries.(g) The first, because it greatly helped to awaken the Greek mind to a consciousness of its own immortality; the second, because it contributed to give an alien and artificial meaning to what had been a worship expressive of the natural religious ideas and instincts of the people.

In the Orphic Theology, the belief in immortality enters upon a new and important phase of its development in Greece,

begins to seek a basis scientific while religious. It enters into relation with the idea of God; stands related to it, indeed, as a mere element or implicate. The soul is to man what God is to the world, the vital and permanent and active element. Psychology is no longer seated in the body, but in the soul. Death destroys nothing but its prison. Yet, while the notion of continued being is seized, that of personal is lost. The soul is no longer an *εἶδωλον*, but man is no longer an individual — only an emanation from a deified universe, revolving in a cycle of necessity. The Greek mind has still a long way to travel before it can reach the belief in a positive personal immortality.

V. THE PRE-SOKRATIC PHILOSOPHY.

As the philosophy did not grow up within the religion of Greece, its earliest forms of thought and expression were not religious. The national faith was mythical, not reflective or doctrinal, and so its very nature made it unfit to be either the object or vehicle of philosophic thought. While, then, philosophy starts from a point which seems very remote from our belief, it yet inevitably tends towards it.

1. THE EARLIER IONIANS.

Thales depersonalized the ancient Okeanos — sought in water the source of life.(a) As the cause was material, so was the effect. Soul was not peculiar to man,(b) but the synonyme of life, or the cause of motion, and so was mixed with all things,(c) existed in the magnet,(d) or the amber.(e) In a system where soul was so crudely conceived, its immortality could have neither place nor meaning.(f) Anaximander and Anaximenes alike defined the soul as "air-like,"(g) but to both it was material, as was the unlimited (*τὸ ἀπειρον*), the self-moved beginning of the one, and the air, the creative force of the other.(h) Diogenes of Apollonia held a sort of dualism, a universal matter and an intelligent Being, its organizer. But this Being he identified with the air which pervaded all things, which animals and men breathed, and became, according to the quality of the air they inhaled, intelligent

(a) See the Orphic Fragments in Lobeck, *Aglaoph.* 519-525, *Fragm.* vi., Hermann's *Orphica*, pp. 455-463. Also the excellent expositions of the Orphic Theology in Brandis, *Geschich. d. Gr.-Rom. Philol.* i. 59-64; Nagel-bach, *Nach-Hom. Theol.* 401-404; Grote, *Hist. of Greece*, i. 17-19.

(b) Aristotle, *De Anim.* i. 5; Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, 755, ff.

(c) *Ib.* 797 ff.; Herodotos, ii. 123.

(d) Plato, *Kratylos*, p. 400; Philolaos, in *Clem. Alex. Strom.* Bk. iii, c. iii, p. 433.

(e) *Phædo*, p. 70.

(f) Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, 806-810.

(g) *Ib.*, 810, ff.

(a) Aristotle, *Metaph.* A. 3; *De Cælo*, ii. 13.

(b) *Diog.* L. i. 27.

(c) *Arist. De Anim.*, i. 5.

(d) *Ib.* i. 2.

(e) *Diog. L.*, i. 24.

(f) Though Chordilos, in *Diog. L.* i. 24, makes him the first who taught it.

(g) Theodoret, *Sern.* v., p. 72.

(h) See the Texts in Ritter and Preller's *Historia Philosophiæ*, §§17-27.

and conscious.(a) This, however, still left creative and created intelligence alike material and impersonal. And so to these early Ionians man was but a physical being, with no existence apart from the body. But their attempts to refine and unify the primal cause, while apparently inimical to our belief, were, in truth, rude and unconscious struggles towards it.

2. PYTHAGORAS AND THE PYTHAGOREANS.

This school introduced into Greek Philosophy a new and more spiritual class of conceptions. The Society Pythagoras founded, the philosophy that bears his name, the myths that, like parasites, have so overgrown as almost to conceal his actual personality, bear witness to his profoundly religious spirit.(b) His significance for Greece was threefold, scientific, religious, political. His Society was the first that it might be the second, and because the second the third. Of the doctrines attributed to him, the one that can best be authenticated, metempsychosis, he almost certainly derived from the Orphic schools.(c) The age in which he lived, the constitution of his Society, the doctrines it professed, the ritual it observed, the traditions and theories associated with his name, all tend to show that he had intimate relations with the theosophic sects that had grown up in and round the mysteries. Pythagoras may thus be considered the inheritor and transmitter of the more spiritual results of the old Greek religion. Man meant more to him than to the early Ionians. His conception of nature was more spiritual. Their philosophy was but the national mythology naturalized; but his was, on its religious side, the Orphic theosophy philosophized. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to ascertain what Pythagoras taught concerning the nature of the soul, whether a harmony,(d) a self-determining number,(e) &c. More to the purpose is it to notice that the soul must have been to him an entity, not a mere attribute; that he distinguished in it the higher and lower faculties, the rational and the irrational (f) or mind (νοῦς), reason (νοῦς), and passion (θυμός); the former was peculiar to man, the two latter he had in common with the animals.(g) The soul,

too, though a distinct entity, was invisible, to be sought in the motes floating in the sunbeam, or in what sets them in motion.(a) Certain disembodied souls existed under the earth, or in the air, as heroes or demons, and appeared to men in dreams.(b) The individual soul emanated from the world-soul, or central fire.(c) and transmigrated through many bodies.(d) Each body was a prison in which the soul was confined because of former sins,(e) and to which it was bound by number and harmony.(f) The body, as the medium of perception and exercise, was loved by the soul,(g) which, released by death, was, according to its deserts, either rewarded by an incorporeal life in a higher world, or punished, either by an abode in Tartaros, where thunders affrighted, or a return to other bodies.(h) Pythagoras thus affirmed the continued being of the soul. The traditional, theosophic form of his thought was imperfect, untenable, but his thought itself of vital moment to Greece. While it did not solve, it framed more profoundly the problem as to the nature and destiny of man.(i)

3. THE ELEATICS.

Their relation to our belief is indirect. Their polemic against the popular Polytheism, their search after the permanent and indestructible amid the evanescent and perishable, brought into prominence the thought of unity and continuity in the government of the world, and the thought of the imperishableness of its constituent substances. The one contained the germs of a right idea of God, the other, those of a right idea of man, and so were full enough of promise. Thus while Eleaticism was monistic, did not intend to recognize any distinction between matter and spirit, it yet did not utterly deny existence to the dead; conceded to them perception, though only of the cold and the silent.(j) But while the Eleatic idea of permanence was

man (Hist. of Philos., i. 34). Perhaps another text, given in Ritter and Preller (Historia, §120), was running in his mind with the above, but he has given neither correctly.

(a) Arist. De Anim. i. 2.

(b) Ritter, Hist. of Anc. Philos. i. 407.

(c) But see Zeller, Philos. d. Griechen, i. 304-5. text and notes.

(d) Xenophanes, in Diog. L. viii. 36; Ovid, Met. xv. 165.

(e) Philolaus, in Clem. Alex. Strom. iii. c. iii.

(f) Claud. Mam., De Stat. Anim., ii. 7.

(g) Ib.

(h) Diog. L. viii. 31-2; Arist. Anal. Post., ii. 11.

(i) Pherekydes of Syros is by Cicero reckoned the first who taught the immortality of the soul (Tusc. i. 16). The truth is, the belief had no single father in Greece, but was a national growth.

(j) Arist. Met. iii. 5; Theophrastus, De Sensu, § 4.

(a) Zeller, Philos. d. Griechen, i. 191, f.

(b) Zeller, Pythagoras und die Pythagorassage, Vortrage, p. 35.

(c) Herod. ii. 81, cf. 123.

(d) Arist. De Anim. i. 4.

(e) Plutarch, Plac. Ph. iv. 2.

(f) Cicero, Tusc. iv. 5.

(g) Diog. L. viii. 30. Mr. Lewes, with characteristic inaccuracy, makes νοῦς the element peculiar to

beautiful in the abstract, it was merciless to the individual. Birth was hateful (*συγχερός*). (a) Though souls were sent now from light to darkness, and now back again, (b) individual existence was evanescent. Thought was unable as yet to reconcile the conflicting elements of continuance and decay otherwise than by attaining the conception of an abstract unity, the One, or Being, and sacrificing to it every individual existence.

4. HERAKLEITOS.

In Herakleitos "war is the father of all things." (c) Becoming is the law of the universe: "All is and is not, for though it does in truth come into being, yet it forthwith ceases to be." (d) Hence, "no man can wade twice in the same stream." (e) All phenomena result from a "perpetual flux and reflux." But the source or principle (*αρχή*) of this ceaseless change is fire. "Neither any god nor any man made this world, but it ever was and shall be an ever-living fire." (f) And in his thought "living" was more real than "fire," the *αρχή* was a *ψυχή* "immaterial and ever moving" — the regulative and intelligent as well as animating principle of the universe. (g) Of this fire the soul of man is a spark or portion, lives as fed by the fire, and has in it something infinite. (h) The purer the fire, the more perfect is the soul. "The driest souls are the wisest and best." (i) The dead body is more despicable than a dunghill. According to the doctrine of becoming, there was in man a perishable element; but, according to the doctrine of the primal principle, an imperishable. Man as a corporeal phenomenon stood in the "perpetual flux and reflux;" man as an emanation of the ever-living fire stood above it. Hence "the very birth of man is a calamity — a birth into death." (j) "Death is in our life, and life in our death; for when we live our souls are dead and buried in us, but when we die our souls revive and live." (k) And as

all souls are akin, "men are mortal gods, the gods immortal men. Our life is the death of the gods; our death, their life." (a)

5. EMPEDOKLES.

Empedokles was an eclectic. On the one side he developed the permanent and unchangeable being of the Eleatics, and so maintained that nothing can begin to be which formerly was not, nothing of what exists perish. On the other, he evolved the Herakleitean strife into two rival forces, love and hate, from whose antagonism the world resulted. The former principle, applied to man, gave both pre- and post-existence. Of mortal beings there was no natural birth, nor death's destruction final. (b) The latter principle traced the earthly existence to moral causes. The original state was sinless, happy; but man fell, and was doomed to wander thrice ten thousand years apart from the blessed, a fugitive from the gods, and an outcast, obedient to raging strife. (c) Hate rules below, and so motion is ceaseless, rest impossible. Impious souls suffer misery, and are driven unresting through all parts of the world. But the happy sphere of love exists still alongside the unblest sphere of hate, and pious men when they die become deathless gods, are no longer mortals. (d)

6. ANAXAGORAS.

In Anaxagoras pre-Socratic thought becomes distinctly theistic. Mind had formed the world, was the intelligent and constructive power which had shaped the primal elements in the Kosmos. This mind was infinite (*ἄπειρον*), absolute (*ἄντοκρατες*), simple in essence, (*μέμικται οὐδενὶ χρήματι*), subtlest and purest of things (*λεπτότατον τε πάντων χρημάτων καὶ καθαρίστατον*), the unmoved cause of motion, omniscient (*πάντα ἐγνω νοῦς*), unchangeable. (e) While mind can never mix with things, it yet rules whatever has a soul, is present in rational beings, whether great or small.

All mind is similar, homogeneous; difference relates to degree, greater or less, not to kind. (f) And mind, as it existed in man, he did not distinguish from soul. (g) The two were substantially identical, and,

(a) Parmenides, xv. 128-30. But see conflicting interpretations of Ritter (Hist. of Philos., i. 467) and Zeller (Philos. der Griechen, i. 415, note 3).

(b) Simpl. Phys., fol. 9 a, Ritter and Preller, Historia, §151.

(c) Plutarch, Is. et Osir. 45.

(d) Arist. Metaph., iv. 3. 7; Plato, Theat. p. 152.

(e) Plato, Kratylos, p. 402.

(f) Herakl. in Clem. Alex., Strom. v., p. 599; R. & P., Historia, §34.

(g) Arist. De Anim., i. 2. 16.

(h) Sext. Emp. Adv. Math., vii. 127-130; Plut. Is. et Osir. 76, 77; R. & P., Historia, § 39; Diog. L. ix. 7.

(i) Zeller, Philos. d. Griechen, i. 480, n. 1.

(j) Clem. Alex. viii. 432-1; Ritter, Hist. Anc. Philos., i. 250.

(k) Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypotyp., iii. 230; R. & P., Historia, §44.

(a) Herakl. in Hippolyt. ix. 10; Zeller, Philos. d. Griechen, i. 483, n. 1.

(b) Ritter, Hist. Anc. Philos. i. 502.

(c) Emped. in Plut. de Exilio, 17; Hippolyt. vii.

29; Plut. de Is. et Osir. 23; R. & P., Historia, §179.

(d) Cf. Ritter, Hist. Anc. Philos. i. 510, ff.; Zeller, Philos. d. Griechen, i. 547, ff.; Karsten, de Emped., pp. 5-7.

(e) Simpl. Phys., i. fol. 33; R. & P., Historia, §53.

(f) Zeller, Philos. d. Griechen, i. 680, ff.

(g) Arist. De Anim., i. 2; Zeller, i. 693.

as Aristotle understood, had the same attributes. While then to Anaxagoras man was mortal, mind was not. The *σῶμα* could, the *νοῦς* could not, perish.

The Atomists, on the one hand, and the Sophists, on the other, had for our belief peculiarly little significance. The materialism of the first and the scepticism of the second were alike inimical to it. Each only helped to render a new method necessary, and the new method yielded more certain results. Meanwhile, we can see the inevitable tendency of pre-Socratic thought. The starting-point had been extra-, though not anti-religious. Greek religion was peculiarly destitute of theological ideas. The words God and Creator were not to the Greek, as to the Hebrew, synonymous. To the Hellenic mind the creative process was Theogonic as well as Kosmogonic. Its primary question was not, How or why did God create the world? but, *What* created gods and men? Thus in no impious or atheistic spirit did the earlier thinkers attribute the creation to water, or air, or fire. They but obeyed the instinct or intuition which compelled them to seek what their religion did not offer — a cause for the world. But this search involved another. As in Mythology, the Chthonian court had to rise as a supplement to the Olympian, so in Philosophy the question as to man's whence involved the question as to his whither. The nature of the cause, too, determined the nature of the effect. The eschatological idea shared the fortunes of the theological, was with it materialized, spiritualized, impersonalized, validated, or dissolved. In the early physical philosophies soul is but life, inseparable from body, common to whatever can move or cause motion. As the cause is refined, so is the soul; as permanence, intelligence, feeling, volition, are attributed to the one, they are attributed to the other. The point where mind becomes the creator is also the point where soul becomes mind. Thought thus drives the thinker to connect the Highest in the universe with the highest in himself; degree, not kind, quantity, not quality, distinguishes the two. The faith which had resulted from the more or less unconscious and collective action of the religious instincts, resulted also from the conscious and deliberate deductions of the reason — the faith that, while the body dies, the man survives.

VI. THE LYRIC AND TRAGIC POETS.

While philosophy was pursuing its quest after ultimate and necessary truth, and succeeding by failure, poetry was giving LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVI. 1244

the most perfect expression possible to the living and creative thought of the people. Each represented in a different way the Greek mind — the one its inquisitive and intellectual side, the other its ideal and ethical. Philosophy was more individual; poetry more national. The first was a search after elements above and behind the accepted faith; the second, a growth from seeds contained in it. While, then, philosophy was the beginning of a new, poetry was the continuation of an old, cycle of Greek spiritual development. The two cycles could not fail now and then to touch, and even to blend, but in general their course was parallel, not identical, the one using the mythology of the past as the vehicle of the religious and ethical thought of the present, the other seeking to frame for the future terms to express universal and necessary truth. Hence we must trace in this section the growth of thought in the poetic sphere, so as to bring it abreast of the philosophic.

1. THE LYRIC POETS.

The earlier and minor lyric poets need not be examined. Their significance is political rather than religious. In general, what Bunsen says of Solon may be said of the others. They by no means deny or call in question the punishment of the evildoer after death, but they are silent on the point.(a) Otherwise is it with Pindar. He is the pre-eminent religious poet of Greece, penetrated by the sense of the divine in man and nature, inspired by the highest religious ideas of the past and present.(b) The Eleusinian mysteries, the Orphic theosophy, the new-born philosophy, have combined to purify and ennoble his faith. His theology is almost infinitely higher than the Homeric. Olympus has ceased to be in a state of chronic feud. The old names denote new deities. But our belief is the point where the contrast with Homer becomes sharpest.(c) While mortal man is but the dream of a shadow (*σκιάς ὄναι*),(d) his soul, the *εἰδωλον*, lives in death, for it alone is from God.(e) "The soul of a man is immortal, and at one time has an end, which is termed dying, and at another is born again, but never perishes."(f) It was meant to attain progressive happiness through progressive ho-

(a) God in Hist., II 133.

(b) See Bunsen's admirable chapter on Pindar, God in Hist. II 132, ff.; Nagelsbach, Nach-Hom. Theol. 405-7.

(c) R. O. Muller, Hist. of Lit. of Anc. Gr., I 304.

(d) Pythia, viii, 133 (Heyne's ed., 1798).

(e) Fragm. ex Threnis. II 5.

(f) Plato, Meno, I, p. 81.

liness. The souls of the impious, remote from heaven, flit in murderous pain beneath the inevitable yoke of woe; but the souls of the pious dwell in heaven, chanting hymns. (a) Once sin is expiated, the soul returns to earth and becomes a king, or a man great in might or wisdom, a saint to after-ages; (b) and death is followed by a happy life in Hades with the honoured of the gods. Then once they have been thrice tried by birth and death and kept their souls free from sin, they "ascend the path of Zeus to the tower of Kronos, where the Islands of the Blest are refreshed by the breezes of ocean, and golden flowers glitter." (c)

2. THE TRAGIC POETS.

The Dramas of Æschylos are more distinctly national, i.e., Homeric, than the odes of Pindar; mirror better the then faith of the people, unmodified by Orphic or other alien influences. (d) Yet to Æschylos the soul has ceased to be a shadow. The mighty jaws of fire cannot consume the spirit of the dead. (e) The dead are actual and potent beings, can hear and answer prayers, receive sacrifices, (f) operate upon earth to bless or ban the living, or awake the Erinyes to the work of retribution. (g) The king retains the semblance of regal dignity, is godlike, *λοδοιμῶν*, or divine, *θεός*, (h) is more miserable without than with the shadows of his ancient honours, before than after he has been revenged. (i) But though Æschylos attributes to the dead more reality of being than Homer, yet he describes their state as cold and dreary. The only light they have is coextensive or commensurate with darkness. (j) Though Dareios be still a king, *μακάρων* and *θεός*, (k) yet he bids the living enjoy life while they have it, "for the dead are shrouded in thick gloom, where wealth avails not." (l) Perhaps it were incorrect to say, that the only under-and-after-world Æschylos knew was retributive; but certainly in his idea of the future, as in his idea of the present, the penalties of guilt hide the rewards of righteousness. (m)

Hence Aides is to him another Zeus, who gives final judgment to the dead; a stern inquisitor of men, who views their deeds and writes them in the tablets of his mind; a god that destroyeth, an avenger terrible, whose sentence the lewd offender, when he dies, shall not escape. (a)

Sophokles, like Æschylos, recognizes the continued existence of the soul after death. His picture of the future, as of the present, is, as to general effect, more calm and beautiful, more ideal and less mythical, than that of Æschylos, but each is in its ground-lines the same. The dead are conscious, know what transpires on the earth, remember what they suffered here, love or hate as in life, work good or ill to the living. (b) Their form and state resemble their earthly. Oidipos expects to enter Hades eyeless. (c) Kings still rule among the dead. (d) But no happiness or reward can be enjoyed hereafter. The Fragment, which pronounces the initiated thrice happy, stands alone. (e) Antigone, indeed, rejoices to join her beloved dead, but only because death was to her, as to familiar maxims the world over, the end of trouble. (f) Oidipos, the blameless king, the victim of a terrible destiny, purified from his unconscious crime, ennobled into saintliness by suffering, takes a touching farewell of the sunlight and beauty of earth. (g) The chorus begs for him a painless and easy death, an untroubled descent into Hades, (h) but neither king nor chorus anticipates other reward than the *εὐφραδία*. His very grave works good to the Athenians, ill to the Thebans, but to himself there is only a joyless life in Hades.

Our belief, like the other religious ideas of Greece, suffers in the hands of Euripides. The mythical side is indeed now and then exhibited, and prayers and worship offered to the dead heroes, or doubt or hope as to the state of the pious expressed. But the poet's own belief was hostile to a personal immortality. (i) He is indeed at times enigmatical, as in that sentence, which may mean much or little, according as it is understood, quoted in Plato's *Gorgias*, (j) "Who knows if life be not death, and death life?" but elsewhere

(a) *Fragm. ex Threnis*, iii.
 (b) *Ib.* iv. See also Plato, *Meno*, *ut supra*.
 (c) *Olymp.* ii. 123-130. But see also lines 103-144.
 (d) See the beautiful Essay of Mr. Westcott on "Æschylos as a Religious Teacher," *Contemporary Review*, vol. iii, pp 351-373.
 (e) *Choeph.*, 316.
 (f) *Ib.*, 475, 492, and often.
 (g) *Eum.* 114, 737.
 (h) *Pers.*, 635, 645.
 (i) *Ib.*, 311.
 (j) *Pers.*, 635, 645, 687.
 (k) *Ib.*, 835.
 (m) See his doctrine as to the Erinyes, in such texts as *Eum.* 312, 322, 910-915.

(a) *Suppl.*, 236-7, 408-10; *Eum.*, 230-5.
 (b) *Antig.*, 65, 89; *Elec.*, 449, 459, 482.
 (c) *Old. Tyr.*, 1371.
 (d) *Elec.*, 338.
 (e) *Supra*, p. 716, n. (f).
 (f) 856. Cf. *Old. Kol.*, 955.
 (g) *Old. Kol.*, 1551.
 (h) 1553, ff.
 (i) Nagelsbach, *Nach-Hom. Theol.*, 450-60.
 (j) P. 492.

he quite decisively expresses the impersonal view. The mind (*δ νοῦς*) of the dead does not live, but has immortal intelligence (*νῦν*), falling back into the immortal æther. (a) And so he explains that, while what the earth produced returns to the earth, the offspring of the celestial æther returns to the vault of heaven. (b)

The attitude of the Greek mind to our belief had hitherto been progressively affirmative. Philosophy, starting without any idea of spirit or permanent being, had been driven to affirm both. Poetry, the mirror of the ideal religion of Greece, had up to this point become more and more positive in its conception of the future, and its relation to the present. But the Sophists in philosophy and Euripides in poetry, were similar phenomena resulting from similar causes,—failure producing empiricism and scepticism. The ethical idea of righteousness, unqualified by the religious idea of goodness, had given to the intense and intuitive Greek spirit the conception of a universe ruled by Nemesis rather than by Eros. The active moral forces of the world were punitive. Their beneficent action had fallen into the back-their retributive alone stood in the foreground. The old mythical forms were made by the stern spirit of Æschylos, the calm yet severe genius of Sophokles, to reflect, for here and hereafter, the action of those terrible forces. But to spirits more sceptical, less earnest, those stern ethical religious ideas seemed exaggerated, false as their mythical veil, and so, without the idea of divine goodness to lead to a platform of higher faith, the Greek spirit turned aside in Euripides to a feeble pantheistic materialism which abolished the retributions of Hades by impersonalizing the soul.

vii. PLATO.

The relation of Sokrates to our belief is rather uncertain. The *Memorabilia* is silent, and it is perilous to base conjectures on any saying of the Platonic Sokrates. The Sokrates of the *Apology*, perhaps the nearest approximation to the reality, is dubious. While certain that "no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death," uncertain whether "death be a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or a change and migration of the soul from this world to the next." (c) The reasons which Xenophon makes the

dying Kyros adduce for the soul's possible continuance (a) have often been traced to Sokratic inspiration, but the point must always remain conjectural.

With Plato, however, it is different. He was the true Prophet of our belief, for the Greeks, and for humanity. No man has contributed more to the culture and faith of the world. Augustine was a Christian Father, Plato a heathen Philosopher; but the heathen was more eminent as a religious thinker than the Christian. There is more of the essence and spirit of Christian theology in the Dialogues of the one than in the *De Civitate Dei* of the other. The Providence of God has reversed the order of History, and found for all that was noblest in the Greek a home within the Church of Christ.

Plato was in the realm of thought in a more eminent sense than any other Greek, not excepting even Aristotle, the heir of the past and the creator of the future. He was, indeed, less cosmopolitan and more Grecian than Aristotle, but simply because he was less extensive he was more intense. In him were concentrated all the hereditary elements of the Greek genius, but they were combined, sublimed, and complemented by a genius peculiarly his own. The sense of the divine presence and providence that lived in the old mythical poems, the faith in the likeness and intercourse of gods and men that inspired Homer and Hesiod, the aspiration after a happy hereafter embodied in the mysteries, the Orphic searchings after a system of the universe in which gods and men but became emanations and manifestations of supreme deity, the philosophical attempts to reach a primal substance or first cause, the exalted faith of the Lyric Poets, the ethical conceptions which had received ideal expression in Tragedy,—these, and much more than these, Plato inherited, and his inheritance he harmonized and enlarged with the native wealth of his own splendid intellect. The old metaphysical abstractions ceased in his hands to be abstract; became personal, conscious, moral. The idea of the good qualified the old rigid ethical idea embodied in the Drama. Man ceased to be phenomenal and became real, theogony was sublimed into theology, and the world of eternal ideas made to transcend that of transient appearances.

Plato's doctrine of immortality is too integral to his entire system in all its phases to be separable from it, so lives like a subtle essence in all his modes of

(a) Hellen. 1013.

(b) Chrysipp. Fr., 823. See more to same purpose in Nagelsbach. 460, ff.

(c) i. 40, 41.

(a) Cyrop., viii. 7, 17-23.

thought as to be hardly translatable into another language and other concatenations than his own. A philosophy may be analytically as a substance chemically dissolved, but the decomposed elements have not in either case as single and distinct the same qualities and force as when combined into a body. Plato's arguments for immortality, isolated, modernized, may be feeble, even valueless, but allowed to stand where, and as he himself puts them, they have an altogether different worth. The ratiocinative parts of the *Phædo* thrown into syllogisms may be easily demolished by a hostile logician; but in the dialogue as a whole there is a subtle spirit and cumulative force which logic can neither seize nor answer. Indeed, the belief belongs to the man rather than his philosophy. He holds it at every stage of his mental development, finds reasons for it in almost every principle he formulates. It is involved in his idea of God — the divine and therefore immortal part of man is derived from the supreme Creator; (a) in his theory of beauty — the beautiful beheld, not in image, but reality, makes man "the friend of God, and immortal." (b) His psychology in all its forms, whether it describes the individual soul as of the same nature and character as the universal, (c) or as a simple, uncompounded, and so incorruptible principle, (d) or as in its own nature indestructible even by its own evil, (e) or as self-moved and the cause of motion, (f) or as the divine and contemplative reason; (g) his theory of knowledge, whether as reminiscence (h) or as identification of knowing and being, participation of the perceiver in the eternal ideas perceived, (i) or as the intuition or vision of love and beauty, or things in their own immutable nature; (j) his moral conceptions, whether represented in the uneasy conscience of a dying man (k) or in the inevitable retribution which follows crime, or the reward which crowns virtue, or in the divine order and government of the universe (l) — are each, singly and collectively, made to imply and prove the immortality of man. It stands in the *Phædo* as

the crown and complement of a wise and beautiful life; in the *Republic*, as the regulative end and realized idea of life in a perfect state. In the *Symposium* it rewards the inspired devotee of love; in the *Phædo* it consummates the pursuit of knowledge and virtue.

With deep regret that a worthier exposition of Plato's doctrine of immortality cannot now be attempted, this essay must close. In him our belief reached its culminating point in Greece. The *Phædo* "may be regarded as a dialectical approximation to the truth of immortality." (a) But Plato's position was not simply the metaphysician's. His conception was profoundly ethical, rested on the moral nature of man and the divine moral government. It was, too, profoundly religious, often in its form, almost always in its matter. He outgrew as his thoughts ripened the metempsychosis of his earlier dialogues. The same tendencies and habits of thought which made the Greek gods, and even the highest Platonic abstractions, anthropomorphic and anthropopathic, made the personality of man too decided to allow a continued metempsychosis to be conceived. The ethical idea defined, too, the personal. Responsibility belonged to the individual, and was everlasting in its issues. The man could never cease to be himself, or to bear in himself the results of his actions. Immortality was two-fold — of souls and their acts.

The post-Platonic history of the doctrine need not be here written. It lies upon the broad face of the successive philosophies. Aristotle, true to his severe scientific spirit and purpose, left the question undiscussed, or only touched it with a hesitation which has made his utterances standing puzzles to the student of his philosophy. (b) Epicurean, Stoic, and Sceptic dealt with it as the spirit and principles of their systems demanded. How Christianity found the belief, dead but with a name to live, annihilated by the vehement denials of Lucretius, unproved by the balanced but unpersuasive periods of Cicero, ridiculed by the mocking descriptions of Lucian, impotent amid the dissolution of the old religions; what Christianity made it, a living and commanding faith, indissolubly bound up with the facts and doctrines she sent like a glorious constellation into the dark

(a) *Tim.*, iii. 34-5. 41. 69.

(b) *Sympos.*, iii. 207-8. 212.

(c) *Tim.*, iii. 69. 90.

(d) *Phædo*, i. 78. ff.

(e) *Repub.*, Bk. x. li. 609. ff.

(f) *Phædr.* iii. 245.

(g) *Phædr.* 249.

(h) *Meno*, ii. 81. 86; *Phædo*, i. 73. ff.

(i) *Phædo*, i. 65. 66.

(j) *Sympos.* iii. 212.

(k) *Repub.*, Bk. i. li. 330.

(l) *Gorgias*, i. 52-7; and the beautiful myth of Er, the son of Armenius, *Repub.*, Bk. x., li. 614. ff.

(a) Jowett, *Plato*, i. 391.

(b) See Sir Alexander Grant's scholarly and exhaustive discussion of the subject, *Ethics of Arist.*, vol. i. pp. 236-242. See also the vigorous but more limited and partial representation of Grote, *Aristotle*, ii. 233-5.

and almost starless heaven; its varied fortunes within and without the Church during the eighteen Christian centuries; its position to-day in the face of the science that threatens it from the side of matter and the philosophy from the side of mind; its claims upon life; its reasons against doubt and denial; — these, however inviting, are too extensive subjects to be handled here and now. For what is the inalienable property of humanity we need not fear. The revelation of God is co-extensive with man, and though obscured in the individual, now by culture and now by barbarism, lives and lightens in the race. Meanwhile this essay cannot more fitly close than in the words of the great prophet of the belief whose history it has tried through two short cycles to follow (a): —

Ἄλλ' ἂν ἐμοὶ παιδόμεθα, νομίζοντες ἄνθρωπον τὴν ψυχὴν καὶ δυνατόν πάντα μὲν κακὰ ἀνέχεσθαι, πάντα δὲ ἀγαθὰ, τῆς ἀνω οὐδοῦ ἀεὶ ἐξομεθα καὶ δικαιοσύνην μετὰ φρονήσεως παντὶ τρόπῳ ἐπιτηδεύομεν, ἵνα καὶ ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς φίλοι ὦμεν καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς, αὐτοῦ τε μένοντες ἐνθάδε, καὶ ἐπειδιὰ τὰ ἄλλα αὐτῆς κομίζομεθα, ὥς περ οἱ νικηφόροι περιγυρόμενοι, καὶ ἐθάδε καὶ ἐν τῇ χιλιετίᾳ πορεύῃ, ἣν διελθέμεν, εὖ πρίπτωμεν.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

(a) *Repub.*, Bk. x. ii. 621.

From Saint Pauls.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELow.

I soon after got Valentine to give me these important lines, and have not "let them die." The shower passing off, we went up to dress for a walk, but while (being ready first) I sat waiting in the morning room for the others, Mr. Brandon entered, and walking up to the sofa leaned over me gravely — "*Scene for the novel*," he said. "And as she stood at the foot of the stairs, she looked up, and saw Amontillado about to descend. He was dressed for dinner in his usual swallow-tail coat, and had his clean pocket-handkerchief, slightly scented with Eau de Cologne, doubled up in his hand, but on this festive occasion he had added nothing to the adornments she always saw him in, excepting one small sprig of myrtle stuck in behind each ear. That sight made an indelible impression on her memory."

"He was not in the least in *that style*," I exclaimed; "he was very manly, I assure you, and exceedingly strong."

"Oh! another scene for the novel — 'When he heard these trenebant words, he sprang into the air as if he had been shot, then tearing up a young tree in his desperation, he flung it into the river, vaulted on it instantly as on a steed, and waving his hand while he curbed the fiery exogen, he bade her farewell, and rode swiftly down the raging torrent till she lost sight of him. Then, as she turned away, she said, "I wish I hadn't done it." Do you like these scenes?' " he continued; "I've just composed them."

If I had had the sense to keep these scenes to myself there would have been an end of them, but I could not help telling them to Valentine, and the consequence was, frequent other scenes more or less ridiculous.

Some time during that afternoon I asked what the lecture was to be about, and was told it was an account of one of the New Zealand Settlements, and its object, of course, was to recommend emigration.

Liz and Lou had made some gigantic pictures of the trees, scenery, produce, native huts, &c. Their brother had been over twice already, they said, and had been coming home the second time across America when we fell in with him.

He and Tom came in while we were all looking at the illustrations. I held a picture of a wild raging torrent which a man on horseback was fording.

"That is your humble servant," he said, "These two pictures ought to be labelled 'Contentment' and 'Terror.' 'Contentment' represents a man with a long pipe in his mouth roasting some animal at the end of a stick."

"Were you frightened, then, when you crossed the torrent?"

"Frightened! I quaked in my shoes. My horse got snagged, and uttered a groan, poor beast, that often rings in my ears yet. I was ducked once, but rose close to the murderous snag, and sat and held by it for a couple of hours. Those torrents come by suddenly. When this one had spent its force, and I ventured down from my perch, the water was so full of pebbles that by the time I had struggled to the bank I was beaten black and blue."

"Shall you tell that anecdote at the lecture?"

"Why not? I consider it rather a taking one."

"I should have thought it was enough to prevent anybody from going. Did you visit the country intending to settle?"

"No; I went in the service of one Jenny Wilkes, as her purveyor of stores, guar-

dian, paymaster, autocrat, and likewise slave."

"A remarkable place; did you prove equal to its duties?"

"It is not for me to boast, but I should confidently expect a good character if I applied to Jenny."

"As autocrat I can fancy you might play your part well, but as slave —"

"Might you be looking out for the latter article, madam? My late mistress will speak well of me."

"No," I answered, laughing; "I only asked from curiosity."

"You'll please to understand," said Mrs. Henfrey, "that *my lord* was only three-and-twenty when he took out a lot of women and girls, and he would have it that there was nothing odd in it at all."

"No!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes," said Mr. Brandon, "it does strike me as rather droll now, but I did it."

"As their slave?"

"Yes, and I make a capital slave when I am treated with due deference. I can nurse children, snare and shoot and cook game, milk cows, and otherwise comport myself like a gentleman and a man of title. My title, bestowed on me by Jenny and her set, was almost exactly like that of the Emperor of Russia. He is called Czar, I was called Zur; there's no difference worth mentioning."

"I wonder who Jenny Wilkes was?"

"She was a washerwoman."

"A washerwoman?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And may I inquire on behalf of this assembly," said Tom, "by virtue of what charm she made you her slave?"

"You certainly may; her charms were her eleven comely children — seven fine girls and four chubby urchins of boys."

"More evidence is required to make the case intelligible."

"Know then that, to use her own language, Jenny washed and clear-starched for this family; but Jenny had a drunken husband who used to pawn the clothes for drink, and this happened so often that our patronage was withdrawn. That was eight years ago, and then the husband for a time was more sober, and worked at his trade of gardening, but he was a bad fellow, and sometimes left her for months together, and she got on as well as she could, which was very badly. At last the man died; after he was buried I went to see Jenny. She was, as the neighbours say, 'taking on' sadly. I thought she was crying for her husband. So I told her that for

her children's sake she must bear up. 'Oh, bless you, Zur,' she cried, sobbing afresh, 'it's not *that* — but whatever am I to do? for now my neighbour has got the washing at the hall, and I can't have it back, and I've nothing to put in their mouths nor on their backs.' So when I heard that I took a chair and sat down, and I remarked upon her good-looking daughters fast growing up — the eldest eighteen. I talked of husbands for them; work for herself; good pay. In short, I enlarged upon all that I had ever said, but with little success hitherto. To my surprise the widow started a new objection. She was sure she should get lost; she never could find the way; likewise, she remarked, that in going through these forests she should lose some of the children. In vain I reasoned with her, told her that there was no way for her to find, no forest to traverse. She recurred to the fear lest she should be lost. At last I said, 'Jenny, do you suppose I am able to find the way?'

"Oh, ay, she thought as how I could; she was sure on't, and if I was going she would be none afraid."

"Very well," I said, "then I am going." It had only just occurred to me, that I was about to spend two years in touring and travelling, and why not in that direction as well as any other? So the bargain was struck. I was paymaster of course, but I was willing to pay for success; but the worst of it was, that no sooner was the thing known than two more women came trudging up to the house, 'had heard as how that I was going to take out Widow Wilkes, and their *masters* were willing, and they had but five children a-piece; would I take out all of them?' I did take them all. That is, I took a passage for them, and a passage for myself in the afterpart of the same vessel. How the women and girls quarrelled! I shall never forget it. I was governor and umpire. They were all ill at first, happily and nothing worse befell than the continuous squalling of the children. When the sea-sickness was over I set up a school, taught writing, arithmetic, morals, manners, and geography; gave lessons in chess, draughts, and dominoes, and kept the peace as well as I could. I had paid dear for my success; I had persuaded somebody to emigrate, and I was taking the consequences. Well, we landed in Wellington Harbour. I had engaged to remain three months, and then, if they wished it, to take them back again. The two men got in'o capital situations very soon, and went with their employers a few

miles up the country. I had no more trouble with them. But Jenny Wilkes and her daughters caused me a world of misery, and sometimes made me feel heartily ashamed of my ridiculous position as their guardian. Jenny donned a red bonnet, and gave herself the airs of a young girl. The daughters put on their best frocks, and marched about at my heels, for if I was obliged to leave the den of an inn where we were, I was sure to find some ruffian-looking gold-diggers, come over from Nelson, trying to make themselves agreeable, so I had to take the girls with me, and if I had been the wickedest young fellow in the world, I could not have felt more ashamed of myself than I did the first few days after we landed.

"I then found a respectable place to lodge them in, something between a store and an eating-house. I looked out for situations for the girls, but as lovers began to present themselves, they were not easy to please, and I soon found that my troubles would not be over till I had married the two elders. The mother's head was turned, and she seemed incapable of looking after the young fry; so one evening I called her outside the house to lecture her. 'Mrs. Wilkes,' I began — 'Mrs. Muggins, if you've no objection, sir,' she replied, and to my astonishment I found she had married the host, a fat fellow, making money fast, and sorely in want of somebody to manage him. He came out after her, looking hot and flurried. 'Marry you, Jenny? what with all your children!' I exclaimed.

"'Yers,' said Mr. Muggins, with his hands in his pockets, 'I've stepped into it, some men *air* lucky; my first wife was a fortune to me; but she was nothing to this —'

"Jenny retreated precipitately, and gave her youngest son a cuff, perhaps caused by embarrassment.

"Mr. Muggins looked on admiringly.

"'Four fine boys,' said he. 'I've been going to buy land and go up the country; but I haven't managed it. Four fine boys to help! yers, I'll go and do it now. My first wife, sir, was nothing to this; why a duchess is nothing to her.'

"'Mr. Muggins,' said I, following his lead, 'you've stepped into a good thing; prove yourself worthy of it.'

"'And the girls, sir,' proceeded Mr. Muggins. 'O my gracious, they'll help their mother right and left, in-doors and out.'

"Well, Mr. Muggins did buy land.

Whatever faults his step-daughters may have had, they did not want for activity, and he soon found he had only to provide money, and he was taken in hand, washed for, cooked for, clear-starched for, his bargains made, his cart driven, his cows bought and milked. I saw him two days before I embarked for Sydney. 'If it wasn't that Mary Jane and Melia are going to marry,' said he, 'I should think myself in paradise; but their mother, sir, she's here, there, and everywhere; and them blessed boys, they run of all her errands, and they chop wood, and they feed the poultry. O my gracious goodness, good-bye, sir, and God bless you.'

We dined at five that day, that there might be time to drive to the town afterwards and hear the lecture. Mr. Brandon and Tom went to dine with Mr. John Mortimer, as well as Valentine; and Lou, Lizzy, and I went over after dinner in the carriage. I must say I felt a strong degree of curiosity and interest, and when we stopped at a door in a dirty-looking back street, and saw a good many working men hanging about, I exulted quite as much as Liz and Lou did in the prospect of a crowded audience.

We entered a somewhat dirty school-room; it was large, bare, and very empty. Our spirits fell. "Dear me, I wish the people would come pouring in," said one. "Where shall we sit, so as to make the greatest show?" asked the other. "Spread your gown out, Dorothea, and cover as much of the bench as you can."

The benches near us were perfectly empty. As we had driven along, the girls had told me that the last time Giles had lectured there he had been hissed. I felt indignant; how dared they do it! but I only said "Indeed, and why?"

They thought it was because Giles was so uncompromising, so fearless in speaking his mind. I asked whether Mr. Mortimer would be present.

"Oh no," said Liz. "Papa says he dare not, less they should hiss again; he took it very much to heart. Oh, here come two women and a boy. Lou, dear, the gallery is beginning to fill. There are seven children it. And see here come some of the navvies."

"But why did they hiss?"

"Papa thinks the farmers close to our village hate Giles, because some of their labourers have emigrated through his means. More people, Lou; we shall do now."

We now sat silent, for the room was rapidly filling. Labourers stalked in, pulled

off their hats, and stroked down their hair, settled themselves with a hand on each knee, and grinned. Fat old women disposed themselves in knots in the cosiest corners, and scolded boys and girls as they went up into the gallery, which was not an ordinary flight of steps such as in most schools goes by that name, but a real one like the gallery of a church, and evidently favoured by the youthful portion of the audience as a good place for seeing in, and being in some degree out of the way of interference from their elders.

At last the room was full; a brace of fair-haired young curates stood leaning in the doorway, and a stern-looking school-master with a long white wand, marched about below and looked up into the gallery in which by this time at least a hundred children were seated. "There's Dick a Court," said Lou.

Mr. Brandon now appeared with the vicar of the town. They mounted a little platform on which stood a reading-desk covered with a cloth, and surmounted by the usual supply of cold water and tumblers. The vicar proceeded to make a little speech laudatory of the lecturer. This speech abounded in such words as "thrilling," it also enlarged on the *condescension* of the lecturer in taking the trouble to amuse and instruct the classes below him. Under the infliction of the vicar's praise, the lecturer tossed back his hair by a quick, impatient movement of the head, his nostrils widened, and if I am not mistaken, he uttered something like a defiant snort; the vulgarity and bad taste of the speech was gall and wormwood to him, but he stood manfully till it was over, and as the vicar descended and edged his way out of the room, he came a step or two forward, cleared his lowering brow, and gave the audience a gracious smile which seemed to claim acquaintance with them, and then, instead of beginning to read his lecture, his eyes pierced the gloomy depths of the gallery, and to the surprise of the assembly, he said,—"Stand up, boys in the gallery, and girls too." With an obedient scraping and rustling, all the children rose.

"My boys," said Giles, "last week when I heard a lecture here you made a great noise; a very great noise and cheering. Now I know it is a pleasure to you to do it, in short that is what you come for, if I am not mistaken," (the faces of the fathers and mothers below broke out into broad smiles,) "and I don't want to deprive you of it altogether, merely to desire that you will never begin it. If your elders choose to applaud you may help, but when they

are silent you must not make a noise. Sit down."

Down they all sat, but in the very act they caught a low patting of feet and soft clapping of hands, which I believe the two curates began, and which ran through the room directly. Up started the children; here was the desired signal; they stamped, cheered, and made a downright hubbub, while the audience laughed and enjoyed the joke; again and again the running fire of claps broke out below, and the exulting voices of the children echoed it, while the lecturer, who began to look rather out of countenance, stood waiting for permission to begin. At last, the two curates, contented with their work, took up their hats, gave Giles a cheerful nod, and with innocent countenances blandly departed after their vicar.

There was nothing particular, I think, in the opening of the lecture, and if there had been I should not have noticed it, for my ears had other work than listening to mere words, however significant. Just as the people were settling themselves in their seats, and the first sentence was uttered, I had heard behind Lou a very low, soft hiss, a sound that I should hardly have been conscious of if Lou had not started and looked hurriedly round.

At first Giles was decidedly nervous, perhaps he too had heard this soft hiss; however that might be, he betrayed by his countenance that he was not content, not excited, and consequently not able to excite his audience and fix their attention on himself.

I was beginning to feel disappointed, and was at the same time angry with myself for fearing that it was stupid and dull, when having waded through his exordium, he began to warm with his subject, his voice changed, softened, grew deeper and richer, his countenance and all his attitudes altered, his words came faster, and his audience began to lift up their faces and cease to cough and fidget.

My eyes, like theirs, were drawn to gaze at him, and forget everything else. He had raised himself into a higher place than he was wont to occupy; his voice was wanted to calm the agitation that he had caused, and to answer the questions that he was asking. There was a sort of passion in all his actions, and as I listened I felt for the first time the full meaning of the expression. "His eloquence carried him away." The world, as he went on, seemed to lie before us, great and fair as God has made it, and as if we were looking on while it rolled majestically in its

pathway, showing all its hills and valleys to its Maker by turns. Voices seemed to be floating up from it to His Throne, not only the base, ungrateful cries of wounded pride, and disappointed ambition, and wearied idleness and jaded vice, but the sighs of the overtaken, the moaning of hungry children, and the complaints of fathers and mothers who see them pine for want of food and warmth. To the picture of this great crowd, and the gasping of those who are trampled down, he contrived to give such reality, that the listeners were oppressed, as if they themselves wanted breathing-room, and had been thrown down among these restless throngs. As for me I felt helpless among the jostling multitudes, and derived a vivid sense of the worthlessness of the items in one another's eyes where the aggregate is so vast, and the small count set by the poor and the unready, and the grinding of the poor by the rich, and the snatching of the poor from one another, and the piled up houses and unrefreshing air and smoky sky. I wished to get away; and all at once we were away. He exclaimed, "We have done with this now, let us go!" I think I see the vessel still; her great swooping white sails, hovering over the fresh sea, like wings that God taught man to make that he might flee away and be at rest. We were away in some great silence.

And now the vessel had left us, we were sitting on some towering hill, and this was the fresh world lying at our feet, stretching out into great valleys where solitary creatures feed, wading knee-deep in grass; and wide open pastures where nothing moves but the shadows of the clouds, and mountains veined with ore, and forests where nations of birds build, and where the trees rock in the windy sky, and shed their fruits which there are few to gather.

Stepping away along those open wastes, one of that company might penetrate at last to some sheltered nook and hear the sound of the ringing axe with joy; he would not listen unheeded, the solitary workers want him. "Come and help us, man," is all their cry; "you may not be wise, but you are company for us; you may not be strong, but you are willing. Come and help us, woman; be a wife here, and choose among urgent suitors; be a mother, and see all your children welcome and cherished as the best gifts of a bountiful Providence. What! as they sit hard at work in the old country do they sigh when they set foot on the cradle-rockers, and fear that even to its own father the

crying babe is a burden that he knows not how to bear? Cast in your lot with us, and no such fear shall ever clutch at your heart; the father shall exult in every child you bring him as the means of riches and comfort, a new workman, a fresh companion, another helper."

Of course I only give the impression he conveyed, not the words; the power of these, and of the dilated eyes and impassioned voice, I remember well; but they are not to be conveyed in language. When his pictures were all finished and held up before the audience, his arms dropped at his side, and all the vehemence with which he had spoken seemed to depart from him. His eyes were seeking the upturned faces of the audience, and after a long pause he went on slowly, dropping the manner by which he had gained the mastery, and taking to a quiet tone, "Suffer me a little, and I will show you that I have yet to speak on God's behalf. If men crowd their fellows, God has made for the oppressed a fair green wilderness. If men care not for the poor, God has cared, and spread a wide inheritance for them, watered it for them when they knew not of it, and made it ready. If" — no more words reached me — for close at my back came the sound I had dreaded — a long hiss, clear, though low. It seemed to electrify Giles; he stopped instantly, but only for a moment, and with face turned in that direction, and attentive ears, plodded through the remainder of his sentence, and allowed it to come to an end with a long pause which seemed to invite a repetition of the hiss. It did not come, and he began another, under cover of which the hiss was repeated, and a faint murmur of "Shame" came from the unlighted corners of the room.

I was too much frightened to look round, and Liz and Lou shook visibly on their bench. For an instant there was a dead silence. Giles was searching the bench behind us with his penetrating eyes, and I saw that he had found what he wanted; for, his countenance cleared, he kept them fixed on some one close to us, and slowly closing his MS. notes, he folded his arms, and said, with particular force and clearness, —

"If the man who just now interrupted me will rise, I shall be glad to speak to him."

No answer — no sound behind us, but a little uneasy rustling.

"Martin Churt!"

I declare the words seemed to strike me on the face, they were so firmly spoken, and aimed so directly behind me.

"Martin Churt, I know you can speak — I have heard you myself; did I interrupt you so?" He carried his eyes round the room, repeating, "Did I?" And several men's voices answered, "Noa, that thee didn't, zur."

"Martin," continued Giles, in a more colloquial tone, "if I were you, I would stand up and say what I had to say; you could not have a better opportunity. Get on the bench, man, and have it out." (There was now a sound at our back of hard breathing and puffing, as if some gentleman of the lower sort might be holding down his head and dabbing his face with his handkerchief.)

"It is true that these good fellows and these good women came to give a hearing to me," continued Giles; "but I dare say they can spare a little time for you. You could speak on Sunday afternoon, when I heard you holding forth on the common. Get up and let us hear the sound of your voice now."

"Ay, ay, let us," shouted a voice from the corner; "fair play be a jewel."

"You told the people then that there was no God; the more fool you to say it, and they to listen, when you know as well as they do that there is a God, and a good one. Now I am telling them that our good God has made the world large enough for all his creatures. Well, man, what have you to say against that?"

Somebody started up behind us now, jumped on the bench, and a coarse voice blurted out, "There's a mort o' things moight be said, if a chap knowed how to speak his mind, — things goes wrong, and them rascally upper classes —."

Here he paused and cleared his throat; but he had lost his advantage by this hesitation, for a loud voice bawled out behind us with a countrified twang, "Good Lord, if he be'ant a calling out agin them upper classes agen, haw, haw, haw!"

Roars of coarse laughter followed; the most exquisite wit could not have excited more ecstatic applause. It seemed to be more alarming to poor Lou than the unfriendly hiss, for she shook in every limb, and presently turned so pale that Liz made a sign to me that we must leave the room; and not without extreme reluctance I rose and followed them.

The little door at which Giles and the clergyman had entered stood ajar, and was close to us; before the navvies had done exercising their lungs in laughter, we had passed through it, and shut it behind us. How vexed I was!

Liz and I were both very cross, and did

not fail to give Lou a little wholesome scolding, under the infliction of which she presently began to cry, and then to recover herself. Meanwhile we longed to go back, especially as the noise in the lecture-room increased; however, we did not think we could do that with propriety, so we listened at the crack of the door, but we could not make out much. And after a short time, it was evident that St. George was again master of the field, and was going on with his lecture. It was very dull, and rather dark in the little room to which we had retreated. There was one candle, which was guttering down in the tin candlestick, for there was a strong draught; and by its light we pursued the only occupation that the room afforded. We examined the dingy maps that hung on the walls.

At last it was evident that the assembly was dispersing, and presently after Mr. Brandon came to us with Valentine and Tom.

Lou went up to her brother as if in some alarm for his safety, laid her hands on his shoulders, and looked anxiously in his face, but did not meet with any sympathy, only a pinch on the cheek, and "How could you be such a goose, Lou, dear? Miss Graham, were you afraid?"

"Afraid! — no. Oh, I was just for an instant at first."

"Why should she have been?" said Lou. "Your being ridiculed or hissed out of the room are not of the same consequence to her."

"Lou, I conscientiously believe that you would have been just as much frightened if the lecturer had been a perfect stranger to you."

"Were not you frightened yourself?"

"No, I foresaw it all along, and at first it hampered me; but I had to exert myself a good deal after you were gone, and the room became frightfully hot; so I think you must make room for me inside the trap."

It is remarkable how much men despise close carriages, and what disrespectful epithets they invent for them. Mr. Brandon, on taking his place with us, took care to remark that he only did so because he had to speak the next night at some meeting or other, and therefore as it poured with rain, and he had no great-coat, it behooved him to take precaution not to catch a cold.

Great interest was expressed about Tom and Valentine; the latter, on account of his whooping-cough, was not to return in the open dog-cart; so he and Tom had.

procured a chaise, and were in our rear. It was very dark, and Liz and Lou vainly searched the darkness for them, and was sure the driver had deposited them in the ditch. This fear I did not share, and I wished somebody would mention the lecture, but no one did.

Mr. Brandon had settled himself in his corner, and held his peace. And when Liz and Lou had ascertained that we and the fly had safely passed the ditch, they were silent too, till within ten minutes of our reaching home, when we heard shouts behind us, and the carriage stopped. We let down the window, and Tom's voice shouted from the fly, "Valentine says what are we to say about the hissing to his father?"

"Tell him to say nothing, but go to bed, and leave me to manage it," replied Giles; "and, Graham——"

"All right. I hear——"

"If the subject can be staved off till tomorrow, I shall be glad."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day I observed that a profound silence was observed on the subject of the lecture, and Mr. Mortimer, who was supposed to be in low spirits, received more than the usual attention from his children. Every one secretly pitied him, and there was a talk in the family that Tom and Mr. Brandon were to go over to a neighbouring town to choose a present for his birthday. This delicate attention, it was thought, might divert his mind from his mortification; and when I asked Valentine what the present was to be, he replied that he only knew it was to be appropriate to the day,—consequently it would of course be a tankard."

"Why?" I asked, "why a tankard?"

"Because the day is muggy."

"I don't believe you invented that joke yourself, it does not sound at all original."

"Doesn't it? Well, perhaps I did not, then; but I seemed to think I did."

"I suppose you have not forgotten that I proposed to read with you?"

"Not at all. I cannot go out of doors such weather, so I'll read all day if you like."

"Pity you give such a bad reason for a good action."

"Would you have me give a good reason for a bad action instead? as the Feejee islander did, when he threatened to leave off eating Englishmen altogether, because their flesh tasted so of salt."

He then began, in a fitful sort of way, to read and construe, while Liz and Lou sat by at work; and Mrs. Henfrey alternately

read her novel and listened to our frequent sparring.

"I wish I knew what old Giles was talking about," he exclaimed, when, the rain having ceased, he saw his father and Mr. Brandon sauntering along a gravel-walk, and talking.

"Old" in some families is a term of opprobrium; but, as used by Valentine, it was generally supposed to express affection.

"What should he be talking of?" said Lou.

"He's such an old patriarch," continued Valentine. "Why, he's talking of me, to be sure. I know he is. Now, Miss Graham, you never heard me cough, did you?"

"No, not once."

"What business is it of his, then, if I do cough at night? How he found out that I do, I can't think. Am I to be spied out, and cockered up, and blanketed all my days?"

"What has St. George been doing?" asked one of the girls.

"Doing! Why just after I got into bed last night, he marched into my room hauling a great blanket after him, and carrying a candle. A happy instinct warned me of what he was after, so when he spoke I did not answer a word, for I knew if I stirred a limb, or even wagged a finger, I should begin to cough. So I lay like a log, and we stared at each other with cheerful persistency. He set down his candle (only consider my helpless condition, I could not throw so much as a pillow at him!) and he began to examine the bed-clothes; said curtains were unwholesome; and it was no use trying to harden myself by having only one blanket, when I was wheezing like an old broken-winded horse. So he took his blanket, laid it over, and, as he stood leaning against the bed-post preaching at me, he ignominiously tucked it in with his foot. If I was a pet felon in jail, I could not be more pestered with attention than I am. What with beef-tea and comforters, my life's a burden to me. But to be tucked up! — there he goes again, laying down the law, and papa is listening."

"Well," said Mrs. Henfrey, "what did he do next?"

"Do! Why he sat down on the side of the bed and lectured me; said it was unmanly to neglect my health, and showed a cowardly wish to escape the duty of being prudent; said it was selfish, talked about papa, you know, and my duty to myself on his account; and how, if anything hap-

pened to me, it would break his heart. Well, that's an affecting point of view to set it in, but he shouldn't have tugged me up! However, in another minute it was all over with me. Giles went on talking of papa: 'How could I go on in this way, when I knew I was as dear to him as the apple of his eye?' I could not stand that; I said, 'Which eye?' Now that seems a natural enough question to ask; but I suppose my long silence made it impressive, for old Giles forgot all his heroics, and laughed till he shook the bed. Papa has a habit, sometimes, of looking at one, rubbing his hands, and whispering to himself, 'He's as dear to me, this fellow is, as the very apple of my eye.' Sometimes he does it to St. George, and sometimes to me. 'I suppose as one was appropriated to you before I was born, and he has but two, mine must be the left,' I went on; 'and to be as the apple of one's father's left eye, is no such great matter, when he can't see out of it. O the meanness of keeping the good eye for yourself!' Well, I paid dear for that sally; he laughed, but I began to cough, and I coughed (to use an appropriate simile) till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of my boots."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Henfrey, anxiously. She was much disturbed to hear this, and not at all amused at his queer way of relating it. "Then what is St. George going to do?"

"That is exactly what I want to know. I hope he is not ruining all my prospects in life; but if he is, I cannot help it. I've done my best."

He now plunged into his exercise, and only paused once during the next half-hour to say, "Here am I taken in tow by the powerful steam-tug 'Dorothea,' registered A1, for fifteen years. I'm coming into port at a spanking rate, and I know they'll say, 'Let him keep on terms with the young woman; what signifies his terms with old Alma Mater?'"

Presently he broke out again,—

"Here am I, six feet one in my socks (St. George is only a bare five feet eleven when he first wakes in the morning), and yet I'm reading Greek with a girl, and have never yet had so much as one sniff of the air of freedom. If I had been up at Cambridge all these weeks, and my cough had been left alone, perhaps it would have been well before now."

Aunt Christie now came in, and Mrs. Henfrey detailed to her how Valentine coughed at night. I never saw anyone so gently, peaceably, and persistently uninterested in the droll side of things as

Mrs. Henfrey was, and yet so kind and comfortable. Though she was a widow and had lost two young children, her face looked unworn and satisfied. In her life the affections must surely have played a subordinate part. She had let her good things go easily. She had what are called substantial comforts about her, and she pleased herself with them. Perhaps she had never held the others very closely to her heart; but a little shade of anxiety was visible now on her pleasing face. And when Aunt Christie made light of "the Oubir's" ailment, it did not re-assure her.

Aunt Christie was not in the least like one's notion of a spinster in poor circumstances. There was an affluence of energy, and sometimes an agreeable vehemence in her ways, that spoke of strength, both of mind and body. Her hands and feet were large and bony; and, though more than sixty years old, she evidently found a deep joy in life, and thought of it as a great blessing.

She soon began to talk to me, and Valentine called her to order,—

"Miss Graham belongs to me. We haven't done our Greek yet."

Presently she spoke again, and again he found fault, and she ridiculed him.

"We've done our Greek now," I observed.

"But I have annexed you," he answered. "I'm a great comfort to you; I satisfy the craving you have to be useful, you know; and I consider that, in return, you ought to devote yourself to me. In fact, it's no fun to talk to you, unless I can have you as it were, for my own possession."

"Ay, ay, possession!" said Aunt Christie. "It's astonishing how early the mind of humanity begins to cling to the notion of possession. I remember I was but seven or eight years old" (here he interrupted her, but she went on just the same) "I was but seven or eight years old when my father gave me a bit of ground to make a garden of, and through it ran a little burn that before it reached us came down past one or two of the cotters' doors. One day, some of their bairns made and launched on it a fleet of paper boats. They came floating down into my water, and I, full of a lofty indignation to think that they should intrude where I was mistress of the property, flung out every one of the flabby things with my rake; and while they lay wrecked on the grass, I proudly compared myself to Van Tromp, sailing through the narrow seas

with a broom at his mast-head, to signify that he had swept the English ships from the Channel."

She had a way of telling this which showed she meant to compare his conduct with her own, and nothing that he said could make any difference. He had been made ridiculous in my eyes and in his own.

Tom and Mr. Brandon were away some hours; but, while dressing me for dinner, Mrs. Brand told me they had returned, and brought, a gentleman with them, who would stay and dine — a Doctor Limpsey; and the cook had received orders to keep back the dinner half an hour. "She says she never lived with such a trying family," continued Mrs. Brand. "She is sure the dinner will be spoilt; and she is so nervous, she is hardly fit to dish up."

"Well, but if the dinner is spoilt, she need not worry; it will not be her fault."

"Gentlefolks don't consider that," said Mrs. Brand; "they don't know the difficulties there are below while they sit eating at their ease — nor the trouble of keeping jelly cold, and gravy hot, and the fish from burning, and the pudding from falling. Yet, if the dinner is not sent up as well as usual, you may depend on it, Mrs. Henfrey will speak about it to-morrow. Ladies always do."

Dr. Limpsey was a pleasant man, and did his best to make the evening go off well. He and Tom had a long and animated conversation, and then we had some duets; but Mr. Mortimer sat perfectly silent in his chair, and Mr. Brandon watched him, and was very grave.

Late in the evening, as I sat a little apart from the rest, Valentine came up and said, —

"You see, St. George did steal a march on me. I believe he went away mainly to bring Dr. Limpsey; and when he had got him, he just said to papa that it might be as well if he gave me a look. Papa, of course, said 'Yes.'"

"But what did the Doctor say?"

"Why, he said I was to eat bread and milk for my breakfast. At my age, too!"

"You don't like it, then?"

"If that fellow Prentice were to hear that I eat bread and milk for my breakfast, I should never hear the last of it."

"But, surely, that was not all he said?"

"No; he poked and tapped, and listened with his ear at my chest; said I was to have a fire in my room all day; and remarked to papa, as if I had been a sweet, unconscious infant, that I was a very fine young fellow, and there was a thickening

of the right lung. Then I was sent away, and not allowed to hear any more of their odious plans."

And he recurred to the prescription of his breakfast, and to Prentice, with such heartfelt annoyance, that I said, —

"I am very fond of bread and milk; I shall ask if I may have some too; and I shall ask Liz to join. No doubt she will; and then, if anything does reach the ears of Prentice, it will be that some of the family and the guests have taken a liking to it, and generally eat it."

"You are a brick!" he exclaimed, "if ever there was one."

And the next morning three basins "smoked upon the board."

Valentine did not appear to feel at all uneasy about the remarks of the doctor on his health. He grumbled a good deal when he went into the morning room, because it had been decreed that for the present he was only to go out in fine weather; but he laid out his books and lexicons and exercises, and called on me to come and give my lesson, as if he found having some one to tyrannize over a set-off against the despotic orders of the physician.

"And I wish you to understand, my dear young friend," he presently said, "that you are not going to have all the lecturing and instructing to yourself. I am going to take my turn now, and overhaul your education a little before I begin my Greek."

"No, don't!" I replied, for Tom and Mr. Brandon had come in, and Aunt Christie was listening.

"I shall begin with a few moral remarks," he proceeded. "I wish to see what use you have made of your many advantages; for, no doubt, my young friend, you are sensible that you have had advantages. That's the style, isn't it, Aunt Christie?"

Aunt Christie pricked up her head. "Ye're just the marvel of creation for idleness and impudence," she answered, with a good-natured laugh.

"Now, then," he continued, "you went on a yachting tour last winter: went to Buenos Ayres?"

"Yes."

"What's the latitude and longitude of Buenos Ayres?"

"I forget — at least I don't know with perfect accuracy."

"Sad, sad, breaking down at once! Is that the best answer you can give me?"

"Why," exclaimed St. George, "you don't mean to say that you know yourself?"

"I do."

"You have been consulting books of

travels then, and that accounts for some gaps on my shelves."

"I shall take no notice of your mean insinuation. Describe Buenos Ayres, Miss Graham."

"It's a horrid, watery, sandy, square, uninteresting place."

"If I were to go to that country, I have no doubt I could find interesting things in it for years," said Valentine, reproachfully.

"No doubt at all, Oubit," said Aunt Christie. "The shallowest sea God ever spread, is deep enough to float a flounder."

"There's nothing I could not make something of, or get something out of," continued the young professor.

"Quite true," said St. George. "I believe if you met a sea-nymph walking by the shore, you would beg a bit of coral of her."

"And why shouldn't I?" exclaimed Valentine.

"Why shouldn't you put the highest things to their lowest use? Well, that's a subject for your own consideration quite as much as for mine."

"So the town's square, is it?" said Valentine. "Yes, I know it is."

"But I only went once into the town," I continued.

"Then make some rather more intelligent remarks concerning it."

"I saw in the streets paving-stones with English inscriptions on them, such as 'Try Warren's Blacking,' and 'Do you bruise your Oats yet?' I asked what this meant, and was told that they had no stone, so they imported old pavement from England. It comes as ballast. I think they said they had a contract with the Kensington Vestry or the Notting-hill Vestry. I know it was somewhere at the West-End. Do you find that confirmed in your books?"

"Let me have none of this levity. How wide is the river?"

"Thirty or forty miles, I should think; and when I saw the harbour, it was generally full of carts and horses."

"In the water?"

"Of course. The ships lie nearly two miles from the shore. The water used to wash over the horses' backs as they came out to them."

Do you think the horses liked it?"

"No; they used to kick and plunge a good deal, so that great pumpkins and melons, and all sorts of lumpish nuts, and queer fruits and berries, used to be set afloat out of the carts, and come sailing down to us. A man stood bolt upright on each horse's back, and appeared to stand

on the water, for you only saw the horse's head, you know."

"That must have had rather a bathing-machine effect. Well, I can make nothing of you. What else did you see in those parts?"

"I saw Rio."

"What have you to remark concerning it?"

"It was perfectly beautiful! and I went in an omnibus to see the Horticultural Gardens."

"An omnibus!"

"Yes; and there is a rock in them nearly three thousand feet high, and it was so hot that I could hardly bear to lay my hand on it."

"That's what we call accurate information. The Corcovada Rock you mean — 2,400 feet high."

"Ah! that is mentioned in your book, then. Does it add that the butterflies there, instead of wavering and wagging about, go shooting and darting across like birds? I saw some great flowers like open loose lilies, and settling on them were crowds of large butterflies, with perfectly transparent wings. The sun shone through them, and all their delicate little veins were reflected on the lilies. It was intensely hot, but that could not have been the reason why the birds were so lazy they expected us to get out of their way. When I came among a crowd of large ones, I felt inclined to say, 'Do get out of my path will you?' Buenos Ayres smelt of wool: all that part of South America had a woolly smell that you could perceive out at sea. But Rio had a slightly mouldy scent, as of damp woods and fruits wasted and decaying in the hot, flowery meadows."

"Fancy, mere fancy, Miss Graham. How am I to classify such talk as this?"

"I have often noticed," said Mr. Brandon, "that everything coming from the prairie towns in the States has a perceptible smell of grass."

"And you can smell London ten miles off by the smoke," observed Mrs. Henfrey.

"And all India smells of sandalwood," remarked Tom.

"Very improving this. Proceed."

"The cooks go to market on horseback. The beggars beg on horseback (at least, the cripples do), and the children ride down the hills to school on the backs of large sheep."

"Now, I wonder whether that's true, or not! Have you any other remark to make?"

"Yes. I did not hear any birds sing at

Rio, but the frogs chirped exactly as sparrows do, and there were flies who whistled at night. Their note was just like a railway whistle, and quite as loud."

"Now, stop! I am going to sum up, and I will mainly insist on that perverse ingenuity which has not only avoided conveying one single item of worthy information, but which has prevented me from bringing out my learning. One more question. What is the depth of Rio harbour?"

"I don't know."

"Then, as Captain Cuttle said, 'No more don't I.'"

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

ON the first day of June last, at the hour of noon, in the Villa Gasteiger at Trieste, passed away from this world one of the most genial, the most kindly, and the most brilliant of those spirits which of late years illuminated our literary horizon.

For well-nigh forty years the name of Lever has been familiar to us as one of the most popular of British novelists, occupying a field upon which scarcely any other ventured to enter. Almost the creator of a style in which he was singularly successful, and the depicter of scenes and characters which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own, he delighted us with a flow of narrative, bright, sparkling, humorous, pathetic, and vivacious, that seemed as inexhaustible as it was perennial, and that ran as strongly from the fountain of his genius during the last months of his life, as it did in the far-away days when "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" first attracted public attention, and gave the world promise of a writer of original power.

Charles James Lever was born in Dublin on the 31st of August, 1806, and was the second son of Mr. James Lever, a builder and contractor of eminence there, who in 1800 executed the restoration of St. Andrew's Church in that city, from the designs of Francis Johnson. He was sent to the Proprietary School in Great Denmark Street, over which the Rev. G. A. Wright, a man of considerable literary reputation, then presided. Some of his schoolfellows still living speak of him as a bright, lively boy, fond of reading romances when he should have been learning his Latin and Greek, and interfering with the studies of others by telling them stories which he

manufactured from day to day, continuing them as he went along without knowing how or when they were to end, a habit which he pursued to the end of his life.

While yet a school-boy, Lever was attracted by a pretty little girl, who lived in the Marine School, upon Sir John Rogerson's Quay, and thither he used to steal to get a sight of, or a word with, her almost daily. One of his acquaintances was in the habit of supplying him with flowers, which were sometimes given by the boy-lover to the girl, sometimes thrown to her through the iron gate of the courtyard, which was guarded by an old sailor. On these occasions it was a matter of arrangement among his companions to attract the attention of the old janitor while Lever pursued his love-making. From school, Lever entered Trinity College, Dublin, on the 14th of October, 1822. His career, so far as I am able to ascertain, was not marked by any collegiate honours, but he had the reputation of being a vivacious, witty, pleasant, and somewhat dashing young fellow, fond of fun, and yet given to reading all sorts of odds and ends of literature *outside* the curriculum. The love-making, too, went on unflaggingly, till 1827 found him a graduate, free to pass from the tutelage of Alma Mater. The profession of medicine having been selected for him, he went to Göttingen in 1828, to pursue his studies at the University there, and he threw himself heart and soul into all the wild and exciting scenes of student life. In the first paper which he ever published — an anonymous contribution to the short-lived *Dublin Literary Gazette* in 1830 — he describes the Burschen instruction with great liveliness and relish, declaring that students were a very superior order of men, that duelling was an agreeable after-dinner amusement, and that nothing could be more becoming than a black frock braided, and a fur collar thereto. One can readily believe that the mercurial young Irishman soon became a favourite, and his popularity rose to the highest when he translated "The King, God bless him," into German verse, for a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. A life whose monotony was broken by alternations from lectures to smoking, from beer to coffee, from driving to Geismar, and supping on sour milk thickened with brown bread and brown sugar, to flirting on the sly with the Professors' daughters, was just what Lever could enjoy intensely. It is no wonder, then, that when he returned to Dublin in 1829, and became a student in the Medical School of his native

college, and a pupil in Stevens' Hospital under the celebrated surgeon James Cusack, he came reeking with the odours of German Burschen life, and speedily infected his fellow-students. Accordingly, his first step was to establish a club, to which he gave the name of the "Burschenschaft." The members were principally medical students. At the meetings of the club each man had a character assigned to him, which he was compelled to sustain under heavy penalties during the evening, such as Grand Mufti, Hereditary Bearer of the high order of the Wooden Spoon, Clerk of the Punch-bowl, State Squeezer of the lemons, Steward of the Salt-box, and others which all betokened the discharge of functions of a hilarious and Bohemian character. Lever himself was "The Grand Lama," and the charter song was the well-known German Studenten-lied, "Der papst lebt herrlich in der Welt," which he translated and used to sing himself as President, and afterwards made more celebrated as "The Pope he leads a happy life." Ah! these were happy days, or nights I might rather say, and the memory of them comes upon one sadly yet tenderly; — whist-playing and a joyous supper, where every "Bursch" brought his own knife and spoon, and they who were not witty laughed at the wit of others; and, in chief, Lever shone and sparkled with unfailing brightness, and sang his songs charmingly, for he had an excellent voice, and was a good musician; — and now there are not half-a-dozen of all the brotherhood living, and they are scattered over the face of the earth. Many of the incidents related with such wonderful vivacity in his novels had their origin in these merry meetings. Not long since a grave, elderly country practitioner was attending the lecture of an eminent professor in Dublin; when the lecture was over the doctor came up to the professor and introduced himself, reminding him of the many happy hours they had passed together in their student days, with Lever and his "Burschen." "You remember," said he, "the story in 'Charles O'Malley' of Frank Webber getting the people to tear up the pavement over the sewers in the streets under the belief that a convict had escaped from Newgate Jail, and was being smothered? Well, 'tis all true — 'twas I who accomplished that feat, and there is no exaggeration in the story. I escaped without detection after I had set half the town wild with excitement, and the mob had to be dispersed by force."

So, too, the amusing incident of getting into the bed of his college tutor, and per-

sonating him to the class in the morning lectures, was really enacted by Lever himself; but the scene was in Stevens' Hospital, and the lecturer was Surgeon Cusack.

In the summer of 1831, Lever took his degree of Bachelor of Medicine in the University of Dublin, having previously taken a trip to America, in charge, I believe, of an emigrant vessel. He now set up for himself, as a practitioner in Talbot Street, Dublin. When the cholera broke out in Ireland, he was sent by the Government in 1831 to attend to the sufferers, first to Portrush, and then to Coleraine. The arduous, and perilous duties connected with this service he discharged with skill, zeal, and humanity, that rendered him popular in the districts and commended him to the Government. And now, having made his first start in life, he hastened to realize the long-cherished object of his heart, and returning to Dublin he made the girl of his boyish love the wife of his manhood; and on the 15th of November, 1832, Kate Baker joined her fortunes to his. He had been elected to the Dispensary of Portstewart, and there he settled, trusting to such chance practice as the neighbourhood afforded. That such a life was not very congenial to a man of Lever's tastes, may well be imagined. It chanced, too, that he met here a man thoroughly after his own heart, William Hamilton Maxwell. The "Prebendary of Balla" had already made a name by his "Stories of Waterloo," and may be said to have been the founder of the Military Novel. The influence of the most genial of priests was not slow in stimulating Lever, and just at this time a field for literary labour was opened in Ireland, which offered him a prospect of trying what he could do in authorship. In the first month of 1833, was inaugurated *The Dublin University Magazine*, whose long and brilliant career was destined to awaken the latent talent and foster the genius of the country. It was in March 1834 that Charles Lever sent the first chapters of "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" to the editor of that periodical. So closely did he keep his secret that his own brother did not know it; and when he read the number, he observed to a friend that if Charles could write he would believe that "Harry Lorrequer" was his. Lever's faith in his own powers was far from strong, but each succeeding month as the tale became more popular, he gained fresh courage and wrought with new energy. Still he did not yet contemplate letters as a profession, and so, after some years of the drudgery of a village

doctor's life, he obtained the post of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, whither he went to reside in 1837. This was new life to him, and every day, with the circle of his acquaintance enlarging, he gained fresh experiences of men and manners, which his observant nature and retentive memory stored up and turned to the best account. "The Confessions" went steadily and prosperously on to their completion. He began to appreciate his own powers, and to accept as true the judgment of the public. He felt that "Harry Lorrequer" was a name to work with, and so he made it his *nom de plume*, writing occasional papers, pleasant and discursive, as "Continental Gossippings," while he was preparing an edition of his first work and the commencement of his second, "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," which began in the March number for 1840 of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The parentage of this style of novel, in which Lever became so successful, is undoubtedly due to Maxwell, but Lever pushed it higher and brought to its development greater powers than even Maxwell possessed; and we have nowhere such a succession of exciting adventures, lively stories, ever-shifting scenes, and happy depictions of personal character, as in these novels by "Harry Lorrequer."

I remember well the amusement created amongst the bar of Ireland after a few numbers of "Charles O'Malley" had appeared. Amongst its members was one who came from the Far West, whose name was Charles O'Malley, and, stranger still, he had been first in a cavalry regiment ere he subscribed to the sentiment "*Cedant arma togæ*," and, doffing shako and sabretash, took to the wig and gown. He was a fine, dashing, pleasant fellow, good-natured yet irascible, and retained to the last much of his military air, brandishing his brief much as he would have done his sabre. It was a standing joke to tell O'Malley that Lever had taken him for his model, and as each number came out with some new escapade of the hero, — some quarrel over his cups, or some misadventure in his gallantries, — there was some good-natured friend ever ready to bring it under the notice of the lawyer, and expatiate upon the injury such travesties must cause to his professional prospects. This was sure to fire his Celtic blood and send it up into a face naturally one of the reddest, and so he was kept in a state of monthly exacerbation. It was indeed said that he was driven to challenge the author, but for the truth of this I will not vouch.

Had he done so, I feel no doubt that Lever would have made the most ample and cordial *amende*, and declared, as was the truth, that the coincidence was totally fortuitous, and I know well that the good-hearted lawyer would have frankly accepted the apology of the good-natured novelist. They are both now dead, and the fact may be relegated to the region of "historic doubts."

Lever's time was passed very agreeably in Brussels. His medical duties were of the lightest, and his position gave him access to the best society, which he enjoyed with the keenest relish. Whenever a friend from "the old country" turned up he was sure to find a hearty welcome from Lever, and a cover for him at his hospitable board. Among the guests, too, was frequently to be found a certain retired officer of the British army who then resided at Brussels. The gallant Major had served in the Commissariat during the Peninsular War. I will not mention his name, though he has gone to his last account, but there are many in the Belgian capital who will doubtless recognize the man I allude to. This was the original of one of the happiest of his characters, "that inveterate old villain Monsoon," who figures in the novel he was then writing. Lever somewhere says, "I never took a portrait without the consent of the sitter." This, in a sense, may be true; but the consent to sit once being given, Lever, like many other artists of imagination, filled in the portrait with colours and expression that heightened the effect rather than strengthened the likeness. This was so in the case of Major Monsoon, and the original was perpetually upbraiding the artist with the liberties he took with his subject. Many a scene of this kind took place, the angry remonstrances of the one gradually giving way before the genial witty excuses and hospitable good cheer of the other, till the matter ended in a hearty explosion of laughter from both. The reputation of Lever had in the course of a few years risen so high that in 1842 the proprietors of the *Dublin University Magazine* offered him the editorship, which he accepted. He thereupon returned to his native city, and took up his residence at Templeogue, in a very pretty locality a few miles from the town. These were halcyon days for the corps of the Irish periodical. To that pleasant retreat perpetually resorted all the best spirits that could be found — men of letters, men of art, whoever could play a good game of whist, tell a good story, or sing a good song — all found a hearty wel-

come; and, like Jack Falstaff and Justice Shallow, many a time they heard the chiming at midnight. Here the *matériel* of the next number was often discussed, many a bright fancy evoked, and many a bright thought born. No one shone with greater lustre than the host himself. No matter who began to talk, somehow ere long we all found ourselves listeners. How this happened one never stopped to consider. A spiritual magnetism, whose operations were unseen, but whose effects were visible enough, drew us all to him; and his cheery laugh—for he laughed with all his heart—was the most infectious thing in the world, and set the table in a roar. Then we all listened to some new sally as he poured out from the fullness of his memory some pleasant adventure or witty saying, or gave us some of his shrewd experiences or humorous portraiture. In truth he had great conversational powers, and prided himself on the possession of them; and few men knew better their value, or when and how to use them. In his last novel Lever says, speaking no doubt from his own experiences, "The man who devotes himself to be a 'success' in conversation, glories more in his triumphs and sets a greater value on his gifts than any other I know of." Assuredly Charles Lever prided himself as much on the charms of conversation as fair lady ever did on the beauty of her face and form, and he had all the qualities that make a good talker—a face whose every muscle was flexible, rippling with fun and reflecting every phase of sentiment, eyes the merriest, a voice sweet and musical, that changed with every expression of feeling. Few men were more smart and incisive in a repartee, more epigrammatic in a sentiment, more brilliant in a narrative, or more witty before the best of all audiences—the audience round the dinner-table. And with all this he was a man of the kindest nature; his wit never wounded, and his caricatures, in which he delighted to display his power, never contained a particle of ill-nature or bitterness. Like most professed conversationalists, he was apt on occasions to indulge more largely in the exercise of his powers than was agreeable to rival talkers; but he did so from no wish to dominate or monopolize, but simply in the abandonment of himself to the sense of enjoyment—the exercise of a faculty that he knew not how to control. It might be said of him, as the late Archbishop Whately once said in reply to some one who remarked that a brother prelate had a wonderful command of lan-

guage, "No, but language has a wonderful command of him." The rival talkers, however, sometimes had their revenge, and one very amusing instance of this I have heard. The editor of the leading Conservative Dublin journal of the day asked Lever to dine with him; the invitation was no sooner accepted than the host betook himself to a medical baronet of great celebrity, one of the most accomplished and elegant men of his time, who could talk for ever about everybody and everything. They put their heads together, and arranged their plans for the annihilation of Lever. The appointed day found the three at dinner—there was no one else to share in the contest or witness the result. Dinner, with its slight skirmishing chit-chat, was over; and as the bottle went round, the host opened fire upon the unsuspecting victim. Sir Philip, in a voice "ever soft, gentle, and low," that commanded attention, took up the subject, which he illustrated with the play of his own delicate and graceful humour, and held his auditors spell-bound. When he paused, Lever was about to "go in," but he was at once "bowled out" by the host, and so the two kept it up till near midnight, never suffering Lever to get an "inning." Sir Philip went away first, and as the burly host shook Lever by the hand, he said, with the slyest humour, as a smile lurked round his mouth, "What a delightful evening you *both* gave me. Sir Philip was in great force to-night, but then you drew him out so cleverly." The last part of the story is somewhat apocryphal, but the whole rather enhances Lever's reputation, seeing that it required the combined forces of two of the best talkers of the day to beat him out of the field.

Lever had now made literature his profession, at which he laboured diligently and successfully, writing for various periodicals, and continuing to edit the Magazine till 1845, when he resigned the duties and returned to Brussels. There he resided for a short time, and then moved about the Continent, sojourning for a time at Bonn, Carlsruhe, the Tyrol, Lake Como, and Florence. He had a pretty villa outside this latter city, where many of his friends visited him and ever found a cordial welcome.

I heard a pleasant story from one of them, which he assures me is true. There was a terrace in front of the house reached by a flight of steps. One day, a tailor from the city waited on Lever as he was sitting on the terrace, with his bill for some clothes supplied to him. The charges ap-

peared to be unconscionable: Lever remonstrated, the tailor insisted on his demand. The remonstrant grew angry, talked loudly, and gesticulated with his characteristic vehemence. Sartor in a fright retreated backward, fearing, as he said afterwards, some personal violence, till he reached the edge of the terrace and tumbled over. A summons to Lever to appear before the authorities at Florence was the result. The tailor swore that he fell and was hurt in trying to escape being assaulted. Lever stated such an idea never entered his head, though he admitted that the man went backwards and fell as he had alleged. The Court asked how he could account for the man's fright and movements on any other ground than that stated. "On two grounds," replied Lever. "The man is a Tuscan, and a tailor," — an excellent speech in aggravation of damages, as he found to his cost.

In 1858, Lever obtained the post of Vice-Consul at Spezzia, where he remained for several years. Singular to relate, he was near meeting here the fate that befell Shelley. It was a favourite amusement of himself and his family to go out for hours in a little boat on the waters of the beautiful bay. One day when he and his daughter were so engaged, a sudden squall struck the little craft and overturned it. They were both excellent swimmers, and at once struck out boldly for the shore, nearly two miles distant. The girl's presence of mind never failed her, and she reached the land safely with her father, bearing with her a little lap-dog that was quite exhausted.

From Spezzia, Lever was removed to the Consulate at Trieste in 1867, whence he continued to send without interruption those admirable serials which have gained him a world-wide reputation. Here the first dark shadow came across a life of almost unchequered brightness — a shadow from beneath which he was never able wholly to withdraw himself; although for seasons he walked out into the sunshine. The beloved of half a century, and the wife of nearly forty years, was taken from him on the 23rd of April, 1870. How heavy that blow was, none but those who shared the feelings of his inner life ever fully know. After the days of mourning he soon appeared the same to the outward world, for the labours of his literary avocations diverted him much from brooding over his sorrow, and the resiliency of a cheerful nature and a singularly sound *physique* bore him up. And they who met him in the daily intercourse of life found

him as genial a friend and as delightful a companion as ever. It was not, however, till a few months before his death, when he published in a collected form his last novel "Lord Kilgobbin," that, "in breaking health and broken spirit," the cry that he had heretofore crushed down in his heart found an utterance in the mournful dedication to the memory of the dear one "whose companionship had made the happiness of a long life, and whose loss had left him helpless."

Lever's last visit to Ireland, in the spring of 1871, will be long remembered by his friends. Whatever there might be of change in his health, we saw no change in aught that made him pleasing and lovable. Indeed, his power shone more brightly, for he was stimulated by the presence and the affection of many dear friends, and the admiration of a public that were proud of their distinguished fellow-countryman — a sentiment which found a becoming expression in the honorary degree of Doctor at Laws then conferred on him by his own University. "I spent four hours," writes a friend, "with Charles Lever last April. His conversation gave me the idea that I had been entertaining him in the most thrilling manner, whereas I had scarcely uttered a dozen sentences. He was engaged in correcting the proofs of 'Lord Kilgobbin' for the May number of the *Cornhill*. 'You are fitting it very tight,' said I. 'I always run things very close,' he replied; 'I can't work except from month to month. I wish to see how the public like it. I was offered a very large sum for a complete novel, but I could not do it.' Mickey Free I originally intended as a mere stage servant, to take off and on the chairs and set the candles; but when I found him going well with the public, I wrote him up. 'I consider your "Lord Kilgobbin" as well written as any of your works,' said I. He sighed as he replied, sadly enough, 'Ah! no. I have been tilting the cask so long that the dregs are coming out very muddy. I consider Katy Dodd my best heroine. She is such a thorough Irish girl. "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" is the most carefully written of all my works. The old judge is a portrait on which I expended a great deal of time and paint.' I spoke to him of our Goldsmith Club and our hope of starting a Goldsmith Magazine. 'Bravo!' he cried, gleefully, 'I'll send you something for it for Auld Lang Syne. I find you the same hospitable race as ever, especially abroad. There is that feeling among the lower order still of depreciating anything English. A friend

of mine was travelling lately with his Irish servant, and, passing through one of the avenues of Castle Howard, he said to the man, "This is Lord Carlisle's. He was formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. See what splendid trees—such a size—so stately!" "Why wouldn't he have 'em?" retorted the servant. "Shure, hadn't he the pick av the Phaynix?"

But little more remains to be told of Lever. He returned to Trieste, continuing his literary work with a spirit which never flagged to the last, and showed no sign of impaired power. But his health was gradually failing, and heart disease supervened. Before the present year was far advanced, those that were nearest about him became fearful that the end was not far distant. I have before me a communication from one of his intimate friends at Trieste, which is full of interest. "Poor Lever's death," he writes, "though very sudden at the end, did not find us altogether unprepared, as for nearly the last three months he was constantly suffering from his heart, and had become very weak. During the short time I had been here I had noticed the greatest changes; his eye had lost its bright look, and at times his face had become quite grey. Though he was as full of joke and anecdote as ever, with, in public at least, unflagging spirits, yet at times he was evidently greatly depressed. On one of the last occasions that I was with him alone, he said to me, 'I am weary and footsore, and have no desire to remain here.' He dreaded greatly lest he should have to undergo great physical suffering, and, above all, lest his intellect should fail. He said, that 'the old hulk was so strongly put together that he feared it would take a long time going to pieces.' When I saw him two hours after death, he was still lying as in sleep, with his head resting on his right hand. Only for the shadow of death upon his calm countenance, it was hard to believe that he had gone from amongst us. He had, as all bear testimony, who knew him intimately, a wonderful power of attaching you to him, and winning not merely liking and regard, but actual love and affection. He left all his affairs in perfect order, even the amount to be expended on his burial, which was found in an envelope with these words written in it, 'The modest sum I wish to be expended for my funeral.'" The words of a relative bring us nearer to the closing scene. "A friend dined with him the day previous to his death. He never was more brilliant, so much so that his guest, a Mr. B—, con-

gratulated him on his returning health. He retired to rest at twelve o'clock: in a short time his heart became so troublesome that he took some morphine, and fell into a child-like sleep. He awoke at half-past four o'clock, took a cup of coffee, and said he felt better, but tired, and would sleep more. Again a most tranquil sleep succeeded. His daughter looked after him several times up to a late hour, when she was called away on some business with the Vice-consul. On her return, not hearing him breathe, she stooped over him and found him dead but quite warm, his head resting on his hand, evidently having passed away without a struggle." At six o'clock on the evening of the 3rd of June, he was buried in the English Cemetery at Trieste.

With Charles Lever passes away a style of novel peculiarly his own. Indeed it required all his genius and established reputation to enable it to hold its ground against new forms of thought and construction. Still his writings will long be popular. He is never sensational, in the sense in which that phrase has become descriptive of a class of novels in which the enormities of human nature—outrageous crimes and abominable sins—are essentials. Nor, on the other hand, is he the depicter of calm, real life, extracting its interest from the discharge of daily duties and the sentiments and passions of ordinary people. He paints neither stormy seas, nor savagely grand scenery, luridly lighted up by the lightning flash or the conflagration; nor yet the placid lake or the sunny meadows with their unchanging though unexciting loveliness. He has, however, his own peculiar style, neither still life nor life in convulsions—the life of dramatic action, full of movement, incident, situation, pageant, and, if we may use the illustration, of stage effect. Into this he throws the energy of a lively genius, a joyous temperament, a ready wit, a keen appreciation of character, a good deal of sagacity, and a large experience of mankind.

To the honour of Lever be it ever remembered, that, like Dickens and Thackeray, he has written nothing to raise the blush of shame or of offended modesty. No impure word sullies his page; no impure thought is suggested by his freest sallies.

While he never shrank from censuring social immorality or false modes of fashionable life, no man knew better how to treat with equal delicacy and truth the vices or the failings which he wished to

reprove. He did not love to expose the social sore so as to disgust or offend, but with singular skill he knew how to suggest the presence of the ulcer by an illustration or an anecdote. Instances of this will occur to anyone who ever met him in society.

While a marked resemblance runs through all the writings of Lever — a thoroughly pronounced individuality that separates him from the other novelists of his time — we find, as might be expected in one whose labours extend over so many years, a change, growing gradually no doubt, yet sufficiently distinct at long intervals of time. And he who compares "Harry Lorrequer" with "The Daltons," or with "Lord Kilgobbin," will see as much difference in the compositions as he will see between the exuberance of youth, the fulness of manhood, and the maturity of age in the same individual. Lever, like the great painters, had his various manners. In the first, there is high colouring, the glare of sunlight, the flush of life: in the second, more sobriety of tones, more shadow, and somewhat of repose: in the third — the political and social novel, of which "The Dodd Family" and "Lord Kilgobbin" are the best illustrations — we find the highest finish, the most elaboration, the greatest breadth and depth. Here it is — to pass from metaphor — that he exhibits the ripeness of long years of observation and reflection, a carefulness of composition, an enlarged knowledge of mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with the politics of the world that make him in some of his utterances as epigrammatic as Rochefoucauld and as sagacious as Talleyrand.

W.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD.*

BY CHRISTINE MULLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY SIR JOHN SHAW LEFEVRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

It was a fine day in June, and the eleven o'clock train from Amsterdam, heavily

laden with passengers and luggage, only waited for the last whistle to start from the station.

The peculiar bustle of the moment of departure prevailed on the platform. Trucks with trunks and packages were wheeled in all haste out of the luggage office to the goods-vans; relations and friends who were to remain behind waved their adieux to the travellers, and here and there a last shake of the hand was exchanged.

"Farewell, Miss Emmy! God bless you! Think now and then of old Henry!"

It was a little meagre old man who pronounced these words, as he stood, with his cap in his hand, at the door of a first-class carriage. A fair-haired young lady leant out of the window with a friendly smile. She did not answer these adieux, but reached out her hand once more to the old man, and, indeed, had she spoken, he could hardly have heard her, for the whistle screamed and the train was off.

The young lady sat in a corner of the carriage and gazed out of the window whilst one by one the objects familiar to her vanished out of her sight. The tears rolled down her cheeks, but yet it was rather a melancholy sensation incidental to leaving-taking than any more painful feeling which caused them to flow; for Emmy Welters was still at that happy age when every change has its charms, and the future looks rose-coloured in the horizon. Thus her natural good spirits soon overcame any momentary regret.

Emmy Welters was eighteen years of age. Where was she going? She was going to her native place and parental home. As to both, owing to a long absence, she had become almost a stranger.

For in her twelfth year she had had the misfortune to lose her mother, and her unmarried aunt at Amsterdam had taken possession of Emmy with the ready consent of her father, who felt himself little fitted to superintend the completion of her education.

The aunt who took charge of her was one of those women to be found in most families; a woman who in ordinary times is too little considered, but as soon as sorrow, sickness, or death enters the

* The original of this novel is the first and as yet the only literary work of a Dutch lady whose *nom de plume* is Christine Muller. She has informed me that she is the daughter of a physician and the wife of a manufacturer, and that from this class of society she has drawn the characters in her novel. It was first published in 1869, and a second edition of it appeared in 1870. It has been very favourably

noticed in the principal Dutch literary periodicals. I have been induced to translate it by the amusement which I have derived from the variety of incidents and the minute delineations of character which it contains — delineations which are drawn with the same fidelity that we find in a carefully executed Dutch painting. — J. S. L.

house, enters it also as a guardian angel. In such a case it is to her always that the letter is written with a trembling hand. Be it Aunt Anna, Sister Wim, or Cousin Kate, she is always an old maid, and for this reason people feel justified in making use of her. It seems to them quite natural that she should leave her comfortable home to administer the household and keep the seven troublesome children in order, whilst the mistress of the house is upstairs with the newly-born, No. 8. (She is unmarried, and therefore cannot be wanted at home.) It does not appear unreasonable that in another family where the husband lies ill, she should watch day and night by his bedside (she had nothing better to do.) It is quite *en règle* that she should come and take care of the husband whose wife had been carried to the churchyard. Yes, indeed, it is even thought nothing out of the way, if, during the three warm summer months she acts as *bonne* to the children, while husband and wife are making a tour among the mountains in Switzerland (after all it is more sociable for her than being at home alone with her cat and canary bird). At least so people think and so they answer: and thus the unmarried women are not unfrequently weighted with all the burdens of all the families of their relations and friends, and their task is somewhat heavier than that of the married woman, who has only the cares of a single family to call her own. Of all these privileged family drudges Emmy's aunt was certainly one of the most privileged.

She was the eldest of eight brothers and sisters, who were all married except herself; and as she had sufficient fortune to make her independent, she might well have enjoyed much of life, had not all these families considered her indispensable in deaths, in baptisms, and in sickness, so that gradually her own home was only recognized as a place where she lodged for a few weeks, whenever, by a happy chance, none of her brothers, and sisters required her help.

Amidst all the many burdens borne for the sake of others, Aunt Emmy had grown old, and probably the remainder of her life would have been spent in the same manner, had not an unexpected event provided her with a few years of rest.

Her youngest sister, who had married the Burgomaster of Dilburg, Mr. Welters, died after a long illness, during which she had been nursed by Aunt Emmy with unexampled care, leaving one son of eighteen, Otto, and a daughter of twelve,

Emmy. Amongst the crowd of nephews and nieces in whose possession she rejoiced, little Emmy was Aunt Emmy's pet child. It seemed to the old aunt that she had attained the summit of happiness when she was able to take Emmy to live with her, when, with all the warmth of her loving heart, she could dedicate her life to the care and education of her favourite niece, and when at last she had a duty which bound her to her own home, and she would no longer be the common property of her relatives.

And Emmy loved her good old aunt as a mother; and indeed during the last two years, when her aunt was weak and ill, Emmy had nursed her with the hearty affection of a daughter, and as a daughter had wept at her death-bed, when a few weeks ago, Aunt Emmy had gone to her rest.

But in those six years great changes had taken place in her father's house. Emmy had been two years with her aunt when the news came that her father was about to marry widow De Graaff.

The widow had three children, two daughters and a son. Elizabeth de Graaff, the youngest, in former times had been a playfellow of Emmy's, and was only a year or two younger than her; the son had been a schoolfellow of Emmy's brother, Otto, with whom he had then lived in obstinate enmity, as Emmy still clearly remembered. Of the eldest daughter, who was then quite grown-up, she had only a faint recollection.

Thus they had all become brothers and sisters, at least in name — Mina, William and Elizabeth de Graaff, and Otto Welters, and his sister Emmy. Of the new members of the family, Emmy had since seen nothing. Her father came twice a year to Amsterdam on business, and at the same time paid a visit to his sister-in-law and his little daughter; and her brother Otto, who had studied at Leyden, with a view to becoming an advocate, gave up a few days of each vacation as an offering to his little sister, for the quiet home of the old aunt had very little further attraction for him.

Every year Emmy sent on New Year's Day her good wishes to her step-mother, which were accompanied by a piece of needlework as a present; and every year her letter was courteously answered by Mrs. Welters, with the addition of the greetings of Mina and William, and a short note from the little Elizabeth in school-girl handwriting.

Four years previous to Emmy's actual return, a plan had been formed that Em-

my should bring her visit to her aunt to an end; but, from various causes, nothing came of this plan for the first two years, and in the last two the illness and helplessness of her aunt made Emmy's going from home impossible. She called it going from home, for in Emmy's thoughts the house of her aunt was the home to which she was attached by the strong bonds of gratitude and love. Latterly, when her aunt was bedridden, she had frequently, in the long, silent, solitary evenings, thought, in spite of herself, with longing interest of her parental home. She endeavoured to picture to herself home-life in the midst of her brothers and sisters—a life which she embellished in her mind with all the glow of youth and imagination, and where the shadow-side found no place. She was not the less grieved, however, when her aunt died; but when her first tears were dried, she turned her thoughts hopefully to her real home, her father's house, where was her natural position. Emmy thought over all these things whilst she was sitting in the corner of the railway carriage. It was an old servant of her aunt who had brought her to the train, and had uttered the heartfelt adieu which we have heard him speak.

"Is mademoiselle also going to Arnheim?"

With these words, Emmy was disturbed in her meditations by a stout lady who sat opposite her, and who, for fear of not having time enough at Arnheim to get all her things together, kept tightly grasped in her hands her umbrella, parasol, and travelling-bag.

"Are you quite certain that this is the train to Arnheim?" she suddenly added, with an expression in her countenance of much anxiety. Emmy tranquillized her, and at the same time received a smile from a young man who was looking at her with perseverance. The Englishman, also, in the other corner, with red whiskers and the inevitable Murray, let his book fall, and stuck his eyeglass in the corner of his left eye, to look at her at his ease, when she should turn towards him.

And true enough Emmy Welters was well worth looking at, as she sat there in her simple but tasteful dress. A beauty in the strict sense of the word she was not. She had clear blue eyes and pretty fair hair, which, cropped short, waved in natural curls all over her head, on which her little round black hat sat most becomingly.

The dark mourning dress which she wore set off still more the delicate whiteness of her complexion, and gave her so attrac-

tive an appearance that one forgot to remark that her mouth was large, and that her nose, which was intended to be Grecian, had not quite succeeded in carrying out its plan. But the dimple in her cheek and the bloom of youth which was spread over her countenance, compensated for the irregularity of her features. Yes, if a good exterior is a letter of recommendation to the world, Emmy Welters entered it well recommended. But the world she was about to enter was not a great one—the world of the provincial town of Dilburg, of which her father was burgomaster; a little town—like most little towns—where all human passions are contained in a small compass; where the young doctor is the deadly enemy of the old doctor; where the orthodox preacher does not think his more modern fellow-clergyman worthy of a bow; a little town where an engagement, a marriage, or a death is an interesting event which keeps all minds for whole days in a state of conjecture; where any accident is treated as an animated subject of conversation; a little town where much good is done to the poor and suffering, but where a great deal of evil is spoken, and where every inhabitant is inspired with the conviction that one might look through the world in vain for a more perfect town than the said little town of Dilburg.

At Arnheim, Emmy helped the stout lady and her possessions out of the train, not sorry to be quit of one who seemed to carry with her the conviction that she should be somehow or other lost between Amsterdam and Arnheim; that the train, instead of pursuing its way straight to Arnheim, as was its duty, would allow itself to make a little excursion to Rotterdam or elsewhere; or that the station of her destination would, in an unguarded moment escape her observation. At each stoppage she put her head out to ask this or that person within reach of her voice whether this was Arnheim, or whether the train was really going to Arnheim, at which town she at last arrived safely, not a little fatigued and heated by the anxiety she had endured.

Here, too, both the gentlemen left the carriage, so that Emmy was alone and could indulge in her own thoughts undisturbed during the rest of her journey to Dilburg. The nearer she came, the more cheerfully her heart beat. In vain, however, she looked out for any place which she had known in the days of her childhood. Where the canal-boat and diligence had held their undisturbed sway, the rail-

way train, with its seven-leagued boots, now rushed through the country. Here an estate had been cut in two by the railway; here it had destroyed half a wood; here it had swallowed up an old castle; here it had separated a meadow or cornfield from the farm—sacrifices all made more or less willingly to swift locomotion. Emmy brought all these changes to the test of her memory, but the town of her destination was in sight when she fancied it was still distant by half an hour. The train had hardly stopped when she stepped lightly out of the carriage and gave a searching look round. Upon the platform there were very few persons, and hardly a single passenger got out of the train except herself, so that Otto Welters had very little difficulty in finding his sister.

And Emmy had immediately caught sight of him, for Otto was one of those men whom you could recognize out of a thousand. He was more than ordinarily tall, and the spareness of his figure made his height more striking. He had, moreover, a long thin neck, on which rested a small, almost too small, head. He had light brown curly hair and the same blue eyes as his sister Emmy, but his were shaded by spectacles, which still further increased the peculiarity of his exterior; and yet that exterior was undoubtedly agreeable. One felt attracted to him by a certain goodness and kindness expressed in his countenance. His fine-cut mouth was enclosed in a dark beard, which covered all the lower part of his face and gave him a manliness which he otherwise would have wanted, owing to the delicacy of his features and the smallness of his head.

"Welcome, dear Emmy," he said heartily, as he stooped to kiss her on both cheeks.

"It is very good of you, Otto, to come and fetch me. I was afraid you would be unable to find time; for, if I may believe the newspapers, a new shining star has risen in the advocate firmament of Dilburg."

"You're as saucy as ever," said Otto, laughing. "Well, really Emmy, how tall you have grown!"

"I forbid such remarks; they are insulting to my eighteen years of age," Emmy answered, handing him the tickets for her trunks.

Whilst Otto went to the luggage-office, Emmy sat down on a bench outside the waiting-room with a heart overflowing with happiness. All her life she had so loved that brother. Six years older than

herself, Otto had a protective tenderness for his little sister—"the child," as he called her, and whom his mother had confided to him on her death-bed. "If only all her belongings felt a part of the pleasure at her coming home which Otto's glistering eyes expressed!" thought Emmy.

"Now, child, your luggage is all right," said Otto, cutting short her meditations, "and I have already secured a cab."

"Is it really necessary to go in a cab?"

"Necessary; why, what do you mean?"

"Why, if it is not too much against Dilburg etiquette, I had rather, for my own pleasure, walk home with you, and talk to you about a hundred things which I have in my mind."

"By all means," answered Otto; and putting Emmy's hand under his arm, they set off on their walk without further delay.

"And what have you in your mind to say, my little Emmy?"

Emmy was silent for a moment at the question; then she said, with some hesitation, "I am so happy to come home, Otto; but are they happy at home that I am coming?"

"Are you always going to ask me such awkward questions, child? What can I say? I know three of whom it can be said that they are glad—papa, Elizabeth, and I. The others of the family are not of a demonstrative nature."

"What sort of a person is mamma, Otto?"

"What sort of a man is the Emperor of China? Do you think that I can paint you a portrait of her on the spot as large as life. No, Emmy," he continued, more gravely, "do not ask me for a description of our new family; it is much better that you should see them with your own eyes. Commence with the intention of loving them and doing your duty by them, and time will show you further."

"Perhaps you are right, Otto. But tell me one thing—do you love our new mother?"

Otto paused a moment before he answered; then he said in a decisive tone, "No, Emmy; love her I do not. Yet there has never been a disagreeable word exchanged between us. I determined from the very beginning that I would do all in my power not to disturb the peace of the family; and as I do not live at home, you know, it has not been difficult. I need not be more at my father's house than I like, but it is a pleasure to me to be in the family circle; and often when I come there of an evening, and find the family sitting

sociably round the tea-table, then I think of the loneliness of the parlour after our dear mother's death, and I feel grateful to my stepmother who revived our domestic life, and brought back my father from a life at the club."

"And William de Graaff?—as a boy you could not endure him."

"I still do not like him, and he likes me as little; but we bear with each other since we have become brothers, without troubling ourselves much about each other. Now ask me about Mary van Stein, Emmy."

"Is it true, Otto?" said Emmy, turning towards him and looking at him. "I am so glad for your sake. Is it really all settled?"

"Who has been telling tales out of school?" said Otto, laughing. "It is not yet all settled, so far as relates to the definite consent of uncle Van Stein, who will not at present hear of an engagement. But Mary and I are quite at one on the subject, and I pass most evenings with her. You must learn to know our cousin, Emmy, and I am sure you will love her. She is so dear and good, and her patience with that old hypochondriac is truly wonderful, for uncle Van Stein still goes about as formerly, with his health under his arm. There is little or no change in her."

"So, then, I have one more sister to become acquainted with. I wish you happiness with all my heart, dear Otto!"

Brother and sister walked on in silence for a little time. Although they went slowly towards the town, Emmy had hardly time enough to observe right and left, all the well-known objects which came into the foreground of her memory. Here a house, there a tree, a bridge, a bank—she greeted all with liveliness, and no more regular conversation took place.

All the persons they met saluted the advocate Welters, or were saluted by him, as is the habit in a small town; but with some special exceptions, in which Otto helped her memory with long forgotten names, they were all strangers to Emmy. When they reached the market-place in the middle of the town, on their way to the street where her father's house was situated, they met a young man in a light gray summer dress, who was coming out of the street somewhat hurriedly, and almost ran against them at the corner. He quickly stepped out of the way, but Otto and Emmy also made way for him in the same direction, and now they again stood before each other. Otto burst out laughing, and said—

"Don't be in a hurry, Bruno—don't run over old friends."

The young man cast a rapid glance at Emmy, and a deep blush diffused itself over his face. He hastily took off his straw hat, and muttered a few unintelligible words.

His evident confusion was shared by Emmy, and she blushed as she held out her hand to him, and said—

"I thought you were in the East Indies, Bruno."

Bruno slowly recovered his self-possession, but he did not look at Emmy when he said—

"I have already been back some weeks. My ship came home unexpectedly before my time was out." He now stood aside to let Otto and Emmy pass, and turning back he walked on with them by Emmy's side without either of them saying a word.

In fact the rest of the walk was only along the fronts of some twenty houses.

"Remember me to your father and mother, Bruno, until I can pay them a visit," said Emmy at last, when Bruno had again raised his hat to take leave of them, and Otto, going up the flight of steps to a large house, exclaimed, in a hearty manner, "Welcome home, dear little sister!"

The residence of Burgomaster Welters was an old-fashioned house, built of gray stone. It had only two storeys. Of these the upper had the small casement windows with which our ancestors were content, whilst the lower storey was altered according to the great window-glass mania with which just at that time Dilburg was possessed. These great panes were, however, so little in accordance with the old-fashioned whole that it made one think of a man in new-fashioned clothes who was faithful to his periwig and pigtail of the last century. Even before Otto rang the door opened, and Emmy had barely entered the marble passage when a young girl darted out from behind the front door, threw her arms round Emmy's neck and kissed her, calling out, in a merry voice, "Here's a kiss of welcome from Elizabeth."

Emmy was somewhat confused by this unexpected meeting, but it lessened that anxious and formal feeling with which she had stood on the well-known threshold.

She looked with a friendly smile at the fresh face of Elizabeth, who now went before her along the passage, jumping rather than running, clearly not under a sense of the dignity of her age of sixteen.

"But, Otto, where have you been dawdling? I have been listening for the carriage this half-hour, and here you come at last, taking it all so quietly. But Otto is a brother with whom one loses one's patience, Emmy."

Otto laughed in answer to Elizabeth's banter, whilst he opened a door at the end of the passage, took Emmy's hand under his arm, and entered with her.

It was a large room, with glass doors opening into a garden. Near one of these open doors stood a sofa, with a small table placed before it, at which Mrs. Welters and her eldest daughter were sitting. Mrs. Welters was a large fat woman, who, if she ever had been pretty, retained little trace of it. A large nose, and small piercing eyes; about the mouth an expression of deliberateness, and on her whole appearance a stamp of self-satisfaction, which made the first impression of her not agreeable.

She came forward two steps, whilst Otto, going up to her with Emmy, said, not without some emotion, "Here is our Emmy, mamma."

Emmy had frequently imagined this meeting. In her thoughts she had thrown her arms round her stepmother's neck, and, with a hearty kiss, had asked her for a mother's love, of which she felt so greatly the want.

But, as is usually the case, the actual event was in no respect like the conception of it.

Herself of moderate height, Emmy looked up at the tall lady who impressed a cold kiss on her forehead, and the words which she had wished to say died on her lips, whilst, much as she tried, she could not keep back her tears.

"This is your sister Mina, Emmy," said Mrs. Welters, turning to her eldest daughter, who was standing by the table with her work in her hand, and now received in silence Emmy's kiss.

Elizabeth helped Emmy to take off her hat and cloak, and Mrs. Welters made room for her on the sofa, whilst the rest sat down round the table.

In meetings of this kind, even when between old and loved friends who meet with all possible joy, there is still something forced. The heart is full; each has a thousand and more things to ask and to say, and yet on both sides a certain timidity is felt which makes the conversation turn at first on questions relating to the journey and the weather. In Emmy's peculiar position with respect to her new family this impression was still stronger.

Mrs. Welters alone was entirely at her ease, and kept the conversation going with the greatest calmness. She enquired of Emmy in the politest manner as to her health and her journey; spoke of the death of the old aunt, the warm weather, and the charming summer. But Emmy gave short and commonplace answers.

Her heart was so full. She saw, as in a dream, the same room, in which the sofa stood in the same place, and her own mother was lying down weak and ill. She remembered a fine day like this, when the sun shone as gaily on the flowers as now; when, just as now, the summer air came in through the open doors, with the same odours which now filled the room; when Otto and she knelt by the sofa, and the last words of their dying mother were addressed to them.

These recollections overwhelmed her so that she could hardly listen to her stepmother, and could not half understand what was said to her; but all at once she heard Mrs. Welters utter these words, "There is your father, Emmy," and when she looked up she saw him coming into the room. She ran heartily to meet her father, threw her arms round his neck, and whispered, "Papa, dear papa!" while she burst into tears.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

A FEW hours later the family were at dinner. The ice of first acquaintance was broken. Emmy sat between her brother Otto and William de Graaff, who was introduced to her by her father, before dinner, with the words: "Here is still another brother, Emmy."

Emmy looked up surprised as she greeted William de Graaff, for, in the confusion of making so many new acquaintances, she had entirely forgotten the son of her stepmother, who was not present in the family circle when she arrived. On her first look at him, however, she immediately turned her eyes away; and certainly William de Graaff was not attractive at first sight. Tall and fat in figure, like his mother, he had sharp features and thin lips, which he kept fast closed when he was not actually speaking. His light reddish hair was straight, and his pale, almost gray, eyes had something dreamy in their expression.

Now and then he half closed them, and there seemed a strange, almost green light in them, changing the whole expression of his countenance, and giving it a look of

slyness which had a repulsive effect on those who saw him.

William de Graaff was five-and-twenty. His father, who had been Director of the Post Office at Dilburg, had brought him up to the same employment; and the appointment which his father had formerly held having become vacant about a year before, fell to his lot. Like Otto Welters, he did not live at home; but they were both much there, and regularly appeared at the family dinner-table.

In contrast with Otto, William had few friends; and although in Dilburg no one could say anything against him, he was not liked nor sought after; and yet he was polite and obliging to everyone, and did not put a straw in anybody's way.

Was it because he was ugly? No, that could not be the reason, for it was just the same at school, where good looks are not the touchstone of popularity. There indeed opinions were more openly expressed, for if any of the boys had done anything wrong secretly, the master always knew it on the following day in a mysterious manner, and the whole school declared that William de Graaff was the informer — although no proof of this ever came to light. Thus, when the time came for him to leave school, he was without any friends, and since his return to Dilburg he had made no new ones.

He was silent and reserved in manner. Most of his evenings, after the post office was shut up, he spent at home; but he generally had a book before him and seldom took part in the conversation. Such was the person who was introduced to Emmy as still another brother.

He was extremely polite to Emmy, and she soon felt very much at her ease and took a lively part in the general conversation, the subject of which was chiefly the events and recollections of earlier days.

I feel somewhat to blame, in having passed over the master of the house in my description of the members of the family; but my excuse must be a wish to portray him sitting at his dinner-table in the happiest hour of his whole day, and I shall not have done him injustice if I present him to you at this advantageous moment.

As to his exterior, I can say but little except that he was fat — fearfully fat. His body was fat, his broad cheeks were fat, and fat were his small white hands, which he folded complacently over his fat stomach.

It is assumed that all men have a definite character, and a narrator is required to reflect that character in all its peculi-

arities; but I must honestly confess that I am somewhat at a loss as to the character of Burgomaster Welters.

Properly speaking, the man's qualities were entirely of a negative kind. He had not a bad heart; he was not stupid; he had not a bad temper. He was by no means a bad husband or father, still less a careless or incapable Burgomaster of Dilburg, which town had entrusted its interests to him for more than five-and-twenty years, and had felt perfectly contented with his administration; but that the reverse of each of the above qualities was applicable to him in a positive sense I cannot take upon myself to state.

His rule of life was, to let "God's water flow over God's field" — to take the world as he found it, and, if the truth must be told, "to howl with the wolves for the sake of peace and quietness." Since he had married his present wife, or, to speak more correctly, since she had married him, he had given up into her hands the whole domestic administration, and it probably went on no worse for that. But besides the negative qualities of Burgomaster Welters, above mentioned, I have reserved for the last, one that was positive, because it was the key to his whole character.

He had one idol which he worshipped with all the strength of his heart and soul, and on whose altar he would in case of necessity, have sacrificed everything belonging to him. That idol was his belly. What a good dinner was to Burgomaster Welters no words can tell; it was the realization of all his dreams and wishes.

The content of soul and the feeling of philanthropy which his eyes expressed after such a dinner must have been seen in order to be intelligibly described. How his heart overflowed with gratitude to those who provided him with the good things, he alone could know.

Yes, the evil world declared (but what will not men say to each other in a little town like Dilburg?) that the first idea he had of marrying widow De Graaff was suggested to him by a certain kind of pie, of which she obstinately kept the secret to herself, and of which, by his marriage, he became naturally the owner.

However this may be, so much is certain, that, owing to the above-mentioned idol, the Burgomaster's train of thought took a peculiar turn. The idea of the birth of a child came before his mind in the form of a christening dinner — a marriage in the form of a *déjeuner*.

If Germany was mentioned, he thought

of Bavarian beer. France reminded him of Veuve Cliquot, and Strasbourg of pâté de foie gras. If anyone spoke of the glorious summer, he thought of early vegetables and fruit; in a word, life presented to Burgomaster Welters an ever fresh and changing picture, which anyone with a smaller stomach and a greater heart could hardly have imagined.

With his wife, Mr. Welters lived in the most beautiful harmony. She decided; he confirmed, or at least did so in appearance, for Mrs. Welters was clever enough carefully to keep up that appearance, and this too when the reality was not always present. "Welters and I think this or that right," was a form of speech which she had made her own.

It could not be denied that Mrs. Welters had a good, clear understanding. A strength of will, such as is not often found in a woman, made everyone in the family subject to her, and thus enabled her to accomplish her will without opposition. What she had once undertaken she carried out irrevocably.

On a certain day, she formed the intention of bettering her position of widowhood by marrying the well-to-do Burgomaster Welters, and before six months had passed she and her children had entered his dwelling. The children, who felt for her more respect than love, were never on that confidential footing with her which one so wishes to see between mother and child, and which exercises such a salutary influence on the formation of character.

The one who was least in awe of her strict mother was the young Elizabeth, born long after the others and indeed after her parents had already determined to put away the cradle into the loft. She was the acknowledged favourite of her mother. In her youthful playfulness she was often allowed to do things which, had they been done by Mina or William in their childhood, would have brought down upon them severe punishment or sharp reproof.

But from a child Elizabeth was irresistibly lively and good-humoured. She looked at the world with a merry arch face; she contemplated life on its most roseate side; and was so contented with everything and everybody, that one could not be angry with her, but one involuntarily joined in her laugh instead of giving her the scolding intended for her. A few weeks before Emmy's return home she had left school, not much to the satisfaction of her sister Mina, who had her own

reasons for wishing Elizabeth to be considered still a child.

For Mina de Graaff was so far beyond twenty, and so close upon thirty, that a very small step was necessary in order that she might enter the age of three crosses. Besides this, she was plain rather than pretty; but the catalogue of her grievances did not end here. To be *passée* and plain is undoubtedly very disagreeable in itself; but to be this, to wish at the same time to appear young and pretty, to attract attention, to make conquests—this is a misfortune for which, as for many another, one has to thank one's own folly; but it is still a misfortune, for all that.

Mina had also a life's dream which hitherto had not been realized. She was not exorbitant in her wishes; it was simply that she desired a companion in her journey through this world of sorrow; and, although it seems easy to some to accomplish this, Mina had not yet had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts crowned with success.

Her endeavours had taken all possible forms in the ten years which she had already sacrificed in the fruitless chase. The older she became, the more she tried to attain her end by gaudy fashionable dress; but the men were, and continued to be, insensible to all the bonnets and hats, the endless jackets and flounces, which she employed towards the furthering of the good cause. She had almost entangled in her nets a lieutenant, a captain, a landed proprietor, and even a professor; but in one way or another they had all been able to escape before the knot was tied, and as yet no one had spoken the important word, and Mina was still Mina de Graaff.

Her mind was embittered by all her disappointments, and her temper had suffered much, but she had not yet lost heart. As long as there is life there is hope, she reasoned, and as her eyes became duller, her complexion sallow, her features sharper, her dress was proportionally younger and gayer in order to make up for shortcomings. But with all her follies, Mina was wise enough to understand that a single lady has more chance of marrying in the first than in the second twenty-eight years of life; and that her chance was as good as lost whenever the pretty young Elizabeth should take *her* place by the side of herself in the ranks of young ladies.

Imagine, then, Mina's feelings when, under these circumstances, the death of the old aunt brought Emmy also into the family circle, and Mina saw her enter the room in all the bloom of youth and beauty.

It was a feeling of despair and jealousy which at that moment mastered her, and made Emmy find in her an enemy instead of a sister and friend.

But wholly ignorant of the sensations she had awakened, Emmy sat at the dinner-table with her young heart full of happiness and content. From time to time she looked round, first at one and then at another; they talked and laughed; they drank to her return home. Not the smallest discord disturbed the delightful harmony.

"*A propos*" said Otto, as they were about to rise from the table, "I have some news." They all looked up at him with curiosity, and he laughed heartily at the impression his words had made. "What is it?" they all exclaimed.

"Guess, my good people," said Otto, "you shall not have the news so cheap."

"An engagement?" cried Mina.

"Anyone dead?" asked Elizabeth, almost at the same moment.

"Don't be so childish, Otto," said Mrs. Welters with a tinge of sharpness in her tone; "if you know anything, tell it."

"I am summoned to Beckley to Mr. Arnold professionally." All, excepting, of course, Emmy, looked astonished, and Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of joy and clapped her hands, her eyes sparkling with excitement, whilst she said, "That is splendid; now we shall know something of the mysterious inhabitants of Beckley and the wild young lady on the white horse. Otto, how unlucky it is that you cannot take me with you; do say, is there no way in which it could be managed?"

"Certainly," said Otto, as if in earnest, "you may dress up as a young man, and go as my secretary or footman. I will tell Mr. Arnold that I am in the habit of having you to stand behind my chair." Elizabeth's merry laugh resounded through the room, and they all rose from the table.

After dinner it was the custom of the Welters family to disperse; each went his own way, to meet again after a few hours at the tea-table. In the warm summer evenings they used generally to have their tea in the verandah, behind the house, and the tea-hour was usually the most sociable in the whole day. There were almost always visitors, for tea-visits were more in vogue in Dilburg than dinner-parties; but the visits which were made at this time of day were not mere visits of ceremony. The gentlemen lighted their cigars, and some even old Dutch pipes, to keep the Burgomaster in company. The ladies took out their work if the visitors

were not intimate friends, who would ordinarily spend the whole evening there; they at least remained for an hour or two before anything was said about going away.

And people came readily and often to the Burgomaster's; both he and his wife were thoroughly hospitable; they both possessed a certain tact in receiving in an agreeable manner, which made their visitors feel at ease and at home. In summer they had a little music; in winter, cards; but at all times there was a warm welcome. It was only on this first evening of Emmy's arrival, which was of course known all over the town, that people kept away not to disturb the family circle.

During the hours which intervened between dinner and tea on the first evening, Emmy was taken possession of by Elizabeth, who conducted her up-stairs to a recently added wing of the house, where five new adjoining rooms opened on to a landing which looked out upon the large pleasant garden.

Two of these rooms were spare rooms, and the other three were arranged for the daughters of the family.

Emmy felt agreeably surprised by the sight of the neatly furnished room which she was to call her own. Not being aware of the new building she was afraid she should have to share a room with Mina and Elizabeth, and she was too much accustomed to liberty in this respect not to set a value on it.

"Our rooms are next to each other, Emmy; is not that nice? I am sure we shall love each other. I have always longed for a sister who would laugh when I am merry and cry when I am sorry, for I don't count Mina, she is so fearfully old; but we two make such a nice pair; we shall read together, and in winter go out together. I am so delighted that you are come home."

So chattered Elizabeth, all in one breath, whilst she helped Emmy to unpack her trunks; then the two girls went down together to the family tea.

An hour later, when they had all assembled in the drawing-room and Elizabeth was seated at the piano, Otto took his leave.

Before he left the room he cast a look at the family group, and a feeling of satisfaction arose in his mind as he saw Emmy standing behind Elizabeth at the piano with an expression of content in her face.

As he went out he said to himself in the fullness of his heart, "I hope you will

be happy here, my little Emmy;" then he hastened down the passage and closed the door after him.

CHAPTER III.

TWO MARTYRS.

It was a sultry summer evening, betwixt the light and darkness; and Otto pursued his way across the market-place already mentioned, into the well-known street, where with hasty tread he ascended the steps of a handsome house. Here lived the brother of the first Mrs. Welters, uncle Van Stein, and his daughter Mary, the same Mary of whom Otto had spoken to Emmy in their walk from the railway station. The bell which Otto pulled cautiously, gave a dull sound as if it were muffled.

It was Mary's slight form which came to meet Otto in the half-lighted passage.

"Softly, Otto," she said when he had greeted her with a kiss, "papa is poorly this evening, he did not sleep well last night, and is now resting a little; come in quietly."

Otto smiled, but in the dim light his smile could not be seen. He knew that "papa is somewhat poorly," had the same meaning as when at the French court it used to be said, "*Le prince est nerveux*," whenever the Dauphin was naughty like any other human child.

"Papa is poorly," said Mary, always when her papa's humour was somewhat worse than usual, when nothing was to his mind and no one could make it so.

For twenty years uncle Van Stein had been the willing martyr of numberless doctors. He placed great reliance on the science from which he expected his cure. No curative system had been invented which he had not tried — no means of relief which he had not applied — no abstinence to which he had not readily subjected himself. But he had made himself rather worse than better, and without any definite pain or disease he never felt well. It cannot be denied that in his condition there was much imagination whereby, in a certain sense, he deserved the name of hypochondriac which Otto had given him; yet there is no doubt that this imagination was in itself a disease, for which one ought to feel compassion. This disease, which had gradually come over him, had also gradually benumbed his mental faculties.

In his youth he was a pleasant, sociable man, who had read and travelled much, and could talk well; but as soon as he be-

came his own master, having a good income, and nothing particular to do, perhaps it was in consequence of this that he dwelt so much on himself, and that the seeds of his sickly life were planted. This sickliness had become his sole thought; it had made him cross and fretful, and an anxiety instead of a support to his daughter.

"Don't open the door so wide and make such a wind, Mary," said a cross voice, as Otto and Mary were coming into the room.

"It is me, uncle," said Otto, going up to the invalid who was sitting in a great chair by one of the windows that was quite closed and provided with wind screens, in spite of summer.

It was fearfully hot and close in the room thus shut up, but in Mr. Van Stein's imagination dwelt a spectre, and that spectre was called a draught, and was hopelessly confounded in his mind with the idea of fresh air, of which it made the enjoyment impossible for him.

"Mary tells me, that you have not slept well, uncle," said Otto after he had greeted the invalid.

"I never sleep well."

"You take too little exercise, uncle. We are having such gloriously fine days just now. Why don't you go out? I am sure it would do you good."

"My young friend, you know nothing about the matter. Is it not time for my pills, Mary? You are certain to be after the time. It's late; I knew it was!"

"It is not five minutes late, papa!"

"You must be exact. I cannot see why you should be always too soon or too late. And my tea? Am I to get no tea this evening?" He had himself put off the tea in order that he might sleep undisturbed; but Mary did not remind him of this, and rang the bell, and silently poured out the water.

Otto sat by Mary at the table, and while she was busy with the tea looked at her face, on which there was the expression of goodness and gentleness which had so attracted him. For Mary certainly could not be described as pretty; her face was what one might call an every-day face. Her figure was slight, and below the middle height, her features irregular and the delicate white of her complexion was the natural accompaniment of her almost red hair. She was seven-and-twenty, and therefore three years older than Otto; and in the family circle, when they were informed of Otto's engagement, they had asked themselves with wonder what he

could have found uncommon in the quiet, simple Mary.

Mina, especially, was inexhaustible in her remarks, and seemed to have no greater pleasure than in disparaging Mary's qualities, always of course, when Otto was not present. She, and she alone, knew that she would fain have had Mary's place in Otto's affections, and had spread her nets in vain for the unsuspecting Otto, for which their apparent relation of brother and sister gave so much opportunity. Had he chosen a younger or prettier girl, Mina would have more readily acquiesced; but Mary van Stein was older than Otto, and neither pretty nor clever. Otto's preference was, therefore a still greater grievance, and gave Mina a feeling of personal injury, which, however, she laid to the account, strange to say, more of Mary than of Otto.

But, in fact, Otto himself would have had some difficulty in saying what had attracted him so much in Mary. Was it her goodness and gentleness? was it the refinement of her clear understanding? or was it all these, combined with the simplicity and calmness of her whole nature? He did not know himself how it came about. At first he had looked up to her with a feeling of respect and admiration, for he had so often observed her gentleness and patience in her intercourse with her father, and gradually a warmer feeling was awakened in his breast—it was not love, at least not a passion full of the glow of youth; it was a sensation of pleasure in her presence—a kind of tranquillity and peace of mind, which he found in the steady interchange of thought with that pure, calm woman's heart, and which exercised a refreshing, hallowing influence over him.

On a certain day the thought came to him that Mary would be *par excellence* the woman to make a husband happy, and when he was alone with her one evening he had asked her whether she would be his wife as soon as his income should be in a state to admit of his offering her a home.

She looked at him openly and simply, whilst she said:

"I had never ventured to hope that you would become attached to me, Otto; I did not think that domestic happiness was in store for me. Are you quite sure that you love me, and that you will never repent of your choice? Have you reflected well, that I am ugly, and older than you, and that I shall be comparatively an old woman when you are in the prime of life?"

"For me you will always be pretty, dearest Mary," Otto had replied. "I love you for your noble heart, and in my eyes you are more beautiful than any woman I know."

Thus she had then given him her promise.

That same evening Otto spoke to her father but he would not hear of any formal betrothal.

"I cannot spare Mary," he said. "Wait till I am better. There must be no talk of a marriage yet. I know how it always is with an engagement. Half the town will come and disturb my rest with their congratulations and folly, and Mary must go out with you the whole day to pay visits. I have nothing to say against you, Otto, and you can come here as often as you like, but I will not hear of an engagement. Mary must herself be aware that my condition is not such as to allow of this being discussed. But she is always thinking only of herself, and her sick father is only an incumbrance. That I have long known."

They were obliged to be content with his answer. This had happened a few months ago; so from that day Otto came every evening to spend a few hours with Mary, and to bear with her the fancies and whims of his uncle. He sometimes brought a book with him to read aloud—at least whenever Mr. Van Stein was well enough, or imagined himself to be well enough, to listen.

Sometimes, when Mary's cheeks were paler than usual, and Otto felt that she wanted fresh air, he would walk with her in the garden, and even take her for an hour to his father's house; and when with her he poured out to her all the thoughts which the past day had suggested. He told her of his business, of the causes he would have to plead, and of the questions brought for his opinion. He spoke of the books he had read, and built castles in the air with her for the future. What these evenings spent in Otto's society were to Mary it would be hard to describe. Otto's love was her star in the night. The hope of the future by his side supported her in the difficult path of life which she had to tread.

In the future she saw the full compensation for her joyless youth. "I could hardly have ventured to expect you the first evening after Emmy's arrival, Otto," said Mary, as they were sitting together at tea.

"On that account I am later than usual. I long for you to know my dear little sister; I have told her the news, and she will

come very soon and pay you a visit," Otto added, in a low voice, audible only to Mary. "You still recollect Emmy, uncle?" he said, somewhat louder; but uncle Van Stein was not in the humour to think him worthy of an answer.

"I don't know why you are not reading something to me, Otto," he said, in the peevish tone which had become habitual to him. "Mary knows that my head cannot bear this chattering between you to-day. If she would rather go into the garden with you, don't let me hinder you. I am sure I can make my own tea as well as Mary makes it, for this weak stuff I can't drink."

Otto had before promised Mary never to be angry with the cross humours of her father; but he felt his blood grow warm at such injustice as this. He bit his lips to restrain himself.

"Shall we take a little turn in the garden, Mary?" he asked.

But Mary laid her hand on his arm, and looking at him, said:

"No, Otto; rather read something, if you will."

The gentle persuasion of her voice and look I cannot give in writing. Otto's anger passed away. He took the hand, which lay a prisoner in his own, pressed a kiss on it, and opened a book which lay before him.

A good hour afterwards Mary led him through the long passage to the front door.

"We have had little of each other this evening, dear Mary," said Otto, as he took leave of her. "I wanted to tell you that I am summoned to Beckley by Mr. Arnold."

"Is it possible, Otto?" said Mary, smiling. "So you will be able to enter the fortress. That will make a pleasant story for to-morrow evening."

A moment more, and they had reached the threshold of the front door. The moon shone in the broad street almost with the light of day, the stars twinkled in the clear sky; it was a magnificent summer's night.

"How gloriously fresh it is outside here, Otto!" said Mary; "what a splendid moonlight!"

She put her face up towards him, and he was struck with its paleness and weariness.

"Dear child!" he said earnestly, "I fear your task is too hard for you."

"It is light, since I have had you to help me to bear it, dear Otto. It will be better hereafter," she added, with a gentle smile; but yet a tear glistened in her eye as she wished him good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

BECKLEY AND ITS INHABITANTS.

It was hardly three years since Otto Welters had established himself as an advocate in his native place, and he had already made his name known by conducting two or three lawsuits to a successful issue. His success, coupled with the favourable circumstance that an old advocate, who had in his hands the principal practice of the place, just at that particular time was compelled by illness to retire, had destroyed the prejudice with which a young man who settles in his native place has most frequently to contend, and doubly so when that native place is a small town. People know that he has gone through his studies and degrees, and they hear it asserted that he is clever, but they have seen him as a schoolboy, with his hoops and his marbles, and recollect, as if it were but yesterday, how he was running about in jacket and trousers, and they cannot make the recollection consistent with the idea of the advocate who is to plead their cause, or the doctor who is to cure them. It is this recollection, then, which makes a prophet not speedily honoured in his own country. It chanced, however, that the commune of Dilburg had got into a lawsuit with the commune of Trello about a piece of land near their common boundary, and that Otto had pleaded the cause of his native place, and won it. It chanced, also, that a puffed-up landed proprietor, whom no one could endure, had injured the property of a poor widow by the building of a barn, and Otto's defence of the rights thus invaded had resulted, to the satisfaction of everyone, in the demolition of the barn; but last, and best of all, some one was good enough to accuse a man of a murder, just when Otto wanted such a case to bring to light his eloquence. In this trial, which all the newspapers took notice of, and which attracted the attention of the whole of the Netherlands, Otto was the defender of the accused, and brought him white as snow out of the hands of the advocate for the prosecution, who was well known and long established.

Since that day Otto Welters might regard his future as assured. Clients came in a stream from all quarters, and his consultation hour was more and more crowded. It was not, therefore, from the rarity of the occurrence that his summons to Beckley, which he had first mentioned at home, and then to Mary, seemed to make so great an impression on Otto. There must have been some other reason.

And so there was.

For more than half a year this same Beckley had been the favourite subject of Dilburg conversation—the privileged field for conjectures and speculations of every sort, which extended themselves to the most absurd impossibilities.

Beckley was a large estate in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and an old dowager had formerly resided here; a year or two ago she had exchanged the temporal for the eternal, and her heirs, who were distant, and by no means inconsolable relations, found the property in a dilapidated and neglected condition.

It was resolved to treat the place as a summer residence for the members of the family in common. The requisite alterations and improvements in the house and grounds were completed; but when it was all in order, it was found that the heirs had just had time to quarrel over the inheritance, and to make their joint possession and residence undesirable and indeed impossible.

On a certain day when the Dilburgers walked out of the town, a notice board announced to them that Beckley was to be let or sold, with immediate possession; but this immediate possession was not taken advantage of by anyone for more than a year. At last, one day, a report went through the town that Beckley was let. A fortnight afterwards the tenants had arrived—a gentleman from India with his daughter, so people told one another. Never before had so many members of the Dilburg *beau monde* walked out of the town gate as on that pleasant autumn day, when the arrival of the tenants was known.

From time immemorial the Dilburgers had enjoyed the right of walking in the grounds of Beckley, and its pleasant lanes and paths had been their favourite resort, and thither they now bent their steps.

There was a path which went so close to the house that one could peep at the residents without any difficulty. During the residence of the old dowager, with her old *dame de compagnie*, people had not used this path more than others; but without doing any injustice to the Dilburgers, I venture to state that on that day, but for an unforeseen circumstance, it would have been the most frequented of any. This unforeseen circumstance, however, manifested itself in the shape of a little white board over the locked gate, which announced in black letters, "No admission to the Public." It was these few words that the Dilburgers read and

re-read; it was these words which excited a ferment in their minds bordering on sedition, and which led them back to the town in a state of indescribable excitement.

This right of way for pedestrians was the incontestable right of the Dilburgers. This right of way must and should be restored, and every inhabitant should co-operate towards this object to the utmost of his power.

The plan of an address with a hundred signatures was reserved for their last *coup*. It was decided, in the first place, that Burgomaster Welters should pay a friendly visit of welcome to this new member of the community, and on this occasion should plead the good old right of the town.

Burgomaster Welters went, and, fully impressed with his own dignity and with the importance of his mission, he gave his card to the old man-servant who opened the door, and the Burgomaster was prepared to follow him, when the man returned with the message that Mr. Arnold begged to be excused, for he was indisposed and could receive no one.

With his tail between his legs (to apply this common saying with all respect to the good Burgomaster) he came back to the town.

But Dilburg would not allow itself to be so easily discouraged. Dominie Swart, the minister of the Reformed Church went a few days later as ambassador extraordinary to Beckley.

Mr. Arnold begged to be excused, was indisposed, could receive no one, and did not belong to the Reformed congregation.

Now went the Lutheran minister, and received the like formula, with the addition that Mr. Arnold did not belong to the Lutheran congregation.

The Dilburgers now sprang their last mine, in the person of the old Roman Catholic priest, but with the same, or rather without any result. Mr. Arnold did not belong to the Catholic Church, was indisposed, begged to apologize, but could receive no one.

Dilburg, to speak figuratively, sat with her hands in her hair. There was nothing left but to launch the intended address, with more than two hundred signatures; but to the indescribable wrath of the Dilburgers, only half an hour later the address was sent back to the town hall, and with only these words on the margin, "Duly received."

By the few hundred tongues which were at the service of the town, the unknown resident at Beckley was henceforth

cursed and dragged through the dirt. That he was a heathen, that he had strange things on his conscience which made him fight shy of men, were but a small particle of the absurdities which people told to one another.

But even this much was hardly known with certainty, that Mr. Arnold had been a resident in Java. ("A resident there is the same as a slave-owner," said the grocer's wife to her neighbour at the iron-monger's shop.) That the old man who opened the door came from Rotterdam; and that besides these, the resident at Beckley had brought with him, what people in Dilburg called a couple of black servants. Of the daughter, people only knew that she was of dark complexion, and that very early in the morning she had been seen by an early riser who was taking his morning walk, riding on a beautiful white horse, although she rushed by him in so wild a gallop that he had not time sufficiently to observe her.

People knew, further, that a celebrated physician from the capital made visits to Beckley, which were regularly repeated every five or six weeks. This was all that they knew for certain, except that Mr. Arnold had returned the visit of the Burgomaster by sending his card.

But however interesting a subject of conversation may be, there comes a time when, from want of material, such a subject grows exhausted; and so it was with Dilburg, with respect to Beckley and its inhabitants. When six months had elapsed without people knowing more than they did on the first day, when the hope of again opening the right of way seemed to have disappeared for good, at last people considered the matter as a *fait accompli*, and almost ceased to think or talk about it. Under all these circumstances, however, it seems to me that no one will be surprised that the summons of Otto Welters to the much discussed Beckley became an interesting affair to everyone.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when Otto left his lodgings, and walked out of the town gate to obey the summons, and hardly ten minutes later he stood upon the dyke which formed the high road, and from which the Beckley estate lay before him as in a hollow. The meadows and woods were below him, and the brook which flowed round the house, making almost an island of the knoll on which it was built.

There was something picturesque in the terrace, where the flower-beds, glowing in the sunlight, displayed to the admiring

eye a glittering chequer of beautiful colours. There was something picturesque also in the house itself, with the light yellow tint of its walls and pillars contrasting strongly with the dark-green background of the knoll crowned with high trees, and with the darker yellow jalousies, which were all closed to keep out the warm June sun.

Otto paused an instant to look at the view before he opened the great iron entrance-gate. The old well-known paths right and left had never appeared to him so pretty as now, and seemed doubly beautiful as a Paradise Lost. He walked forward slowly along the gravel walk. The bell gave a clear, heavy sound when Otto rang it, and almost immediately the door was opened by the old servant, who was already so well known in Dilburg by his messages of refusal.

"Is Mr. Arnold at home?" asked Otto, while preparing to hand in his card—an act rendered superfluous by the servant saying: "My master expects you; be so good as to follow me."

Otto followed him along the broad marble passage, which went quite through the house, and led to a door of coloured glass, which admitted a view of the landscape behind the house in fantastic colours. In the middle of the passage was a side staircase, which they went up, and having walked through a long gallery upstairs, the servant took hold of the handle of a door. "Mr. Welters, I believe?" he asked, stopping for a moment. On Otto's assenting, he opened the door and ushered him in, giving his name loudly. Otto walked into the room. It was a large, lofty apartment, in which the half-closed blinds spread an agreeable softly-tempered light in comparison with the sunlight outside. Large wide bookcases covered the three walls where there were no windows, and by one of the windows stood a large writing-table, at which a gentleman was sitting, who got up at Otto's entrance, and came forward a few steps to meet him.

He was a man of middle height, with a peculiar sunburnt complexion, indicating a long residence in tropical climates; but in him this tint was moreover blended with a sickly yellow, which had even spread into the whites of his eyes. One would have given him fifty years of age at a guess. His dark hair and beard mingled with gray, and it was a lean, bony hand which he held out to Otto.

"I must make my excuses, Mr. Welters, for having requested you to take the

trouble of coming to me. . . . But I beg your pardon"—he interrupted himself while he looked at Otto with some surprise. "Have I the pleasure of seeing Advocate Welters?"

Otto assured him that he was the man in question.

"This is the difference, then, between imagination and reality," said Mr. Arnold, smiling. "I have learnt to know you from your defence of that murderer Diggers, whom you so cleverly got acquitted from the charges against him, although for my part I am convinced that the fellow did it; but I have not admired your talent less on that account. In my thoughts, however, I pictured to myself the advocate as a man of middle age; and hence my surprise now I meet a young man."

"Youth is a fault which diminishes every day," said Otto to Mr. Arnold, laughing.

"As far as that goes, I wish it could be made a reproach to myself," answered Mr. Arnold. "But take a seat, Mr. Welters. I am aware that your time is valuable, and I will therefore make you acquainted in a few words with the nature of the subject on which I wish to call in your advice and assistance."

Getting up, he took a parcel of papers from his writing-table and placed them by him. Otto watched him in all his movements with involuntary wonder. His time had been too fully occupied with pressing business to allow of his indulging in conjectures respecting the *personnel* of the resident at Beckley, as most of the Dilburgers had done; but unconsciously, and owing to the arbitrary conclusions of Dilburg society, a certain portrait of misanthropy, or at all events of singularity, not at all resembling Mr. Arnold as he stood before him, had become fixed in his imagination. Neither in his exterior nor manners was he different from the ordinary type of a gentleman, with a calm, serious face, and a smile upon his lips which gave something half-sarcastic half-melancholy to the expression of his countenance.

But, whatever might be Otto's meditations on this subject, they were broken off by the attention he had to bestow on the words of Mr. Arnold when he began to speak.

"I must begin by telling you, Mr. Welters, that a short time ago I read in the newspaper that somewhere in North Brabant—I think at Leeuwenberg House—an old gentleman died who by his will bequeathed his immense wealth to the person who should be able to prove that he had descended in the direct line from the

well-known Martin van Rossom, with whom he thought he was connected. I read it without paying much attention to it; but a day or two ago, when accidentally rummaging through old papers, I found a letter from my grandfather to my mother, in which he speaks of this Martin van Rossom as the ancestor of my family. I immediately looked up all the family papers in my possession, and I wish to know from you what appears to be contained in these papers, and in what terms the claim to this inheritance can be made. As regards the money, all men are avaricious; therefore I suppose you may consider me avaricious, Mr. Welters. I have. Heaven be praised, more than I require; but if I now saw the chance of acquiring a few pretty millions for my daughter, I should not like this chance to slip through my fingers."

"And you would be very foolish if you did," answered Otto. "Did not Martin van Rossom live in the fifteenth century?"

"Yes; but you also find him mentioned in the beginning of the sixteenth century. I hit upon this in the history of my country, and I remarked that, if it were not for the inheritance, we should rather decline having such an ancestor. He amassed his riches by plundering, murdering, and robbing; but freebootry seemed then to be a well-received occupation, as it may at all times be a matter of consideration, even now, whether that money was not as honourably earned as that acquired by many traders and speculators on the Stock Exchange in the present time. At all events, it is sufficiently purified by the centuries which have now passed to prevent one from feeling any scruples about it. I wish, therefore, to ask you to be good enough to peruse these papers in any time at your disposal and at your convenience, and to communicate to me, when you have arrived at it, the result of your investigation."

"With pleasure, Mr. Arnold, and I hope your claim can be proved; it shall not be my fault if it is not."

Otto took up the papers, and turning them slowly over, he asked for some information, which Mr. Arnold gave him. At last Otto packed everything in a large parcel, and while he was thus occupied, he asked, "Do you like your residence at Beckley, Mr. Arnold?"

"I like being at Beckley as well as anywhere else in Holland. That means not very much. I am an old retired Indian, Mr. Welters, and more attached to Java, where I have lived the greater part of my life, than I can tell you; but when the doctors say, 'Go to Holland, man, or we

shall bury you here in six months,' then one has little choice. A sick resident is not worth much, but a dead one still less."

"And have you found the good effect of your native climate?" said Otto.

"Yes, in so far as it's a question of prolonging life, not of restoration of health, I do find its good influence."

He was silent a few moments; then as if inspired by a thought, he went on with considerable animation.

"I wish to live long enough to gather the fruits of my twenty years' labour, and to see the work on Java, which I have undertaken, in print; I am ready then to lay my head down and let others complete what I have begun. I don't know, Mr. Welters, whether you feel any interest in the condition of the colonies. There are, I believe, very few Dutchmen who take the interest in it that it deserves. As every year the millions come over which are to strengthen our exchequer, people seldom ask in what manner they are obtained, and do not think of the condition of those by whose labour the millions are provided. The malpractices at the expense of the poor Javanese, which cling like stains to the money, are matters of indifference to them. I had rather attribute this indifference to ignorance. For me the study of the country and the people, in which I have found a second fatherland, has been the labour of my life. It was the object of my life to protect these people, and to raise them from their state of oppression to the place which belongs to them by right and justice. What I could do in my own neighbourhood and position, for the improvement of their lot, I have done always, as far as the tied hands of a dependent government employé made it possible; but in the middle of work my health has failed me, and now it is only my pen that can be occupied for the Javanese."

There was an expression of melancholy in his voice which struck Otto; but before he could say anything, Mr. Arnold proceeded: "The fear that death may come upon me, before I have said what I wish to say, makes me work uninterruptedly; the work has made a hermit of me, Mr. Welters; but not only the task which I have laid upon myself and wish to complete, but also the feeling that, through my long absence and protracted residence in the wilderness, I am no longer in my place in European society. I have outgrown Dutch habits, and Dutch habits have outgrown me—we do not understand each other any more."

Now the sarcastic had the upper-hand in the countenance of Mr. Arnold; but this expression again made way for the mournful, as he said: "The great mistake is that although my daughter and I are obliged to be here, our hearts still live in the warm East. And that makes us bad citizens for our mother country," he added with a smile.

"Yet it is a solitary life for a young lady, Mr. Arnold."

"Not more solitary than she has been accustomed to all her life. We have lived mostly in the interior of Java, where for months you could not find a European in the neighbourhood. A child of nature, such as my daughter, finds resources, of which the accomplished, delicately brought up European lady can form no idea. It is at her desire that we have withdrawn ourselves here to Beckley, for the life at the Hague, where we established ourselves at first, pleased her as little as it did myself."

Mr. Arnold here ceased speaking while he listened to the step of a horse, which stopped under the window. This time it was a cheerful smile which played on his lips.

"Here comes my daughter home," he said, and turning from the window to Otto, he went on—"I have behaved like an old babbler, Mr. Welters. If, for once, I meet with some one who can understand me, forgive me if I quite forget that he is not an old acquaintance who can take an interest in me and in my endeavours."

Otto took up his hat, which lay near him on the ground, and was assuring Mr. Arnold as he rose how much interest the conversation had afforded him, and with what pleasure he made his acquaintance; but before he had said all this, Mr. Arnold interposed—

"See, Mr. Welters," he said, "I am so little acquainted with the habits of my native country that I don't know whether it is contrary to etiquette if I ask you to our luncheon, which will be ready immediately. In India this would be a matter of course, and if you will join for once in this our Indian habit, it would give me great pleasure."

He said this in a cordial, good-natured manner, which made it impossible to refuse; but, before Otto could answer, the door was burst open and a great black dog of the Newfoundland breed rushed in. He was a beautiful animal, with long black shining hair, to which his white breast and the white tip of his grand feathering tail alone made exceptions. In

two bounds he reached Mr. Arnold and licked his hand. He then went to Otto, examining him and smelling him all round. "Come here, Cæsar, my good friend," Mr. Arnold called to the dog. The animal instantly obeyed, but not without carefully keeping his eye upon Otto from his place at the feet of the master, where he lay down.

But Otto did not notice the dog. His whole attention was fixed on a young lady who stood in the doorway.

In a dark riding habit which hung down behind in a long train, and before was partly drawn over her arm; a round black hat on her head, of which the white ostrich feather rested on her black hair; the beautiful form of her slight figure perfectly indicated by her close fitting habit; a little whip in the hand which was free, Celine Arnold stood still an instant on the threshold, when she saw her father was not alone.

"Celine, child, here is Advocate Welters, whom you know I was to consult about the inheritance."

"Oh, yes," said the young lady, who did not appear more than seventeen or eighteen, and now came nearer; and responding to Otto's bow, not with a curtsy as one would have expected, but with a graceful movement of her whip, such as one sees done by the riders in the circus. Further than this, she took no notice of him.

"A pleasant ride, dear child?" said her father.

"Not so much a ride as a practice, dear father. I have been teaching Schimmel what was wanting in his education, to leap over ditches; and Cæsar for his own pleasure leapt over them too. Didn't you, Cæsar?" She laughed loud at the recollection of the pleasure she had enjoyed; but suddenly recovering herself, she said—"But I have certainly kept you and Mr. Welters waiting. In ten minutes I shall have changed my dress. You must, therefore, still have patience." And turning round, she, and Cæsar after her, were out of the room in a trice.

The whole of this scene had occupied less time than it has taken to tell it. Otto stood motionless in the same attitude as when she entered, and only came to his senses when she left the room. Never yet had he been so much struck with the beauty of a woman as with that of Celine Arnold.

Undoubtedly of an Eastern type, Celine had the pale olive complexion which characterizes the race from which her mother

was descended; her features were fine and regular; and when she laughed her parted lips displayed two rows of pearl-white teeth; but people overlooked these attractions when they saw her great dark eyes with their soft glow, and the richness of her thick black hair.

Otto sat down again opposite Mr. Arnold; but he listened now with much less attention than he had done to their first conversation, and he was glad when, a quarter of an hour later, a Javanese servant, in his foreign costume, interrupted them with a few Malay words, addressed to Mr. Arnold, which were unintelligible to Otto.

"Let me show you the way," Mr. Arnold said to Otto; and going down-stairs, they came into a small cozy dining-room, where the table stood laid and ready for luncheon.

Celine stood by the table, and at her feet Cæsar, with whom she appeared to have been playing when Otto and her father entered.

As she stood there in a purple jacket trimmed with gold, a long black silk dress without a trace of crinoline, which in those days had just attained in Dillburg its widest circumference; her beautiful hair in picturesque confusion, half hanging down behind and half fastened up by a little gold dagger with a diamond handle; sparkling jewels in her ears and on her small elegantly formed hands—as she stood there she seemed to Otto the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; and her singular dress seemed to complete the harmony of the whole effect. They sat down to the table. Behind Celine's chair, which was placed between the two gentlemen, stood an old Java woman. The Javanese who had announced luncheon had placed himself behind the chair of Mr. Arnold, whilst the Dutch servant waited upon Otto.

Strange dishes were placed before him. Rice and chicken were the only things known to him, and every dish was highly seasoned and cooked with hot pickles, which threatened to burn Otto's Dutch mouth.

"This is just an Indian luncheon, Mr. Welters," said Mr. Arnold, when the servants, after setting the fruit on the table, had left the room. "Celine and I cannot be content at this time of the day with a cup of coffee only, as is the habit in Holland."

As yet Otto had spoken very little to Celine. The ordinary question of courtesy, "how she liked Holland," she an-

answered almost in the same way as her father, of which the result came to this, "that here it was good, but in India it was better. There the sun is warmer, the flowers are prettier, the people are more cordial—at least so it seems to me." She said this with a moist glance in her dark eyes, which seemed to have been produced by the recollection of her native country. An instant of silence followed; then she shook her head as if to drive away sorrowful thoughts, and turning to Otto she said in a cheerful tone:

"And so you are going to provide us with an inheritance, Mr. Welters?"

"At least I am going to do my best, Miss Arnold."

"Dear father; what shall you do with all that money? Haven't we enough?"

"Enough is good; but more is better," answered her father with a laugh.

And now the dessert was removed, and the host handed his cigar-case to Otto.

"Won't it annoy Miss Arnold?" asked Otto, courteously, before he took out a cigar.

"Not more than my cigar will annoy you," answered Celine showing her white teeth with a laugh, and before Otto well understood what she meant, she had already a cigar between her lips. It was with a feeling of disappointment that Otto saw her smoke. He could not explain to himself that feeling; but so it was. But neither Celine nor her father seemed to think it anything uncommon; they smoked and chattered and laughed, and seemed as much at their ease with Otto as if they had been acquaintances of years instead of hours. They interrogated him about his family and relatives, and about Dilburg and its inhabitants, and she looked as merry and contented as possible, every moment breaking out into a clear laugh, in which one could hardly have helped joining, although there was little to occasion it.

"Will you play or sing something, Celine, as you are accustomed to do?" said Mr. Arnold, at last, whilst he opened the piano which was in the dining-room. "I am sure Mr. Welters would like to hear you."

"No, dear father," said Celine, in a decisive tone, "not to-day."

"And why not, child?"

"Because I don't feel inclined."

This reason seemed to Mr. Arnold conclusive—at least he shut the piano without saying another word.

Otto, however, could not withstand the temptation of saying, "And do you not do anything except what you are inclined to do, Miss Arnold? That must be a pleasant kind of life."

She cast a dark glance at him out of her great eyes, and there was a sort of defiance in her voice when she answered him, evidently out of humour—

"No; and when I have once said that I won't do a thing, I don't do it."

Mr. Arnold now got up hastily from the table, and conducted his guest to the orangery, where he showed him a foreign plant of which they had spoken.

"This nursery is a hobby of Celine's," he said, pointing to a long row of flower-pots, with all kinds of cuttings and plants. "On these she occupies most of her mornings. The flowers on the terrace are almost all the result of her care and industry this last winter."

A few minutes afterwards Otto took his leave.

"I hope soon to see you again Mr. Welters," said Mr. Arnold in a cordial tone, whilst Otto thanked him for his friendly reception.

Celine had now joined them again, and put out her hand to Otto to take leave, shaking his in an off-hand "comrade" fashion, saying, "And when you come again, Mr. Welters, you shall make acquaintance with my Schimmel, who is my dearest, best friend in Holland."

Otto Welters was that day an interesting person in Dilburg, for naturally everybody knew before noon that he had passed some hours at Beckley, and everybody hoped that he would satisfy their pent-up curiosity. Some people who were not in the habit of addressing him availed themselves of the subject of "fine weather" to speak to Otto in the street, and at evening parties he was looked for with an anxiety which made his absence, to say the least, unpardonable.

But Otto told very little about the inhabitants of Beckley. A good old gentleman and a pretty daughter, both cordial persons, who required his services as advocate. That was all people got out of him. In his family circle he told something more; and in the evening he told Mary almost everything. I say "almost," because as to the manner in which Celine had refused her father's request, and of the smoking, he told nobody.

Why not?

From The Spectator.

SUPPRESSED LIVES.

It is almost startling to read the correspondence of Baron Stockmar, or even such analyses of the correspondence as we have recently published,—they seem so completely to justify Mr. Disraeli's opinion that we know nothing, and can know nothing, of the personal history of Governments. Who in England outside a minute circle ever heard of Baron Stockmar, the quiet German doctor of whom Leopold of Saxe-Coburg had made a friend, who never held office anywhere, was never to the front in any ceremonial, and was, if mentioned in any casual account of Belgian or English Court proceedings, as little regarded by the public as any member of either household named by accident among the "suite"? Yet it is as certain as anything in personal history can be that this man, without birth or wealth, or popularity or reputation, was one of the real "personages" of Europe; that he repeatedly and indeed constantly interfered in the gravest affairs and on the most momentous occasions, and always with effect; that he influenced the future of all Eastern Europe, by persuading his friend Leopold to refuse the throne of Greece; that he extricated the British dynasty out of that slough—the quarrel about Prince Albert's Regency; that he made Belgium a free State; that he was the soul of the pushing German House which has obtained so much, and which if Napoleon could have kept on the throne of France would have reached to an almost dominant position in the European Courts. An unknown plebeian, he was the adviser, the intimate, and the friend of half the Sovereigns of Europe, one of those men from whom they not only ask, but take advice,—men whom they can trust without disliking, as they never trust their official advisers. The strangeness of the position is the more striking, because Stockmar had no particular genius for administration, no desire to rule, no capacity, so far as appears, for undertaking the direct management of States. He had an undue fear of responsibility, as is evident from the way he shirked it, avowedly out of fear for his own position, when, as he believed, probably with correctness, he could with his medical skill have saved the Princess Charlotte; and though it is said he was once prepared under difficult circumstances to step forward as Minister in Belgium, he certainly never recognized that visibility is one of the duties of those who attempt to guide mankind. It seems strange that a man so retiring, so free of

"ambition"—that is, of the ruling form of energy, of the wish to be an individuality—should exercise such definite and direct power.

And yet it is not strange. If we think of it, nearly every effective Sovereign that ever lived, and almost every efficient statesman, and every great Government must have had men about them in whom they could trust, whom they consulted, and who, being trusted and consulted, could guide their judgments and deflect their wills. Sovereignty must consist in great part of the right to choose such counsellors. The First Napoleon did not need them, and the Third Napoleon never secured decent ones—unless we except De Morny, who, though corrupt, did not cheat his master, and was a most competent man of the world—but most Sovereigns must have relied greatly on invisible men, who told them the truth, and worked out the laborious thoughts of their policy. Such men must be, to hold their position, serene persons,—men, that is, in whom a certain balance of qualities and judgment has produced the kind of detachment which on one side is disinterestedness, and another devotion, and another tolerance, and another, again—to use a necessarily but wrongly depreciative word—unscrupulousness, but which, in the aggregate, is serenity of soul, the best substitute for wisdom, often in secular affairs its full equivalent. There must be many such round a great constitutional government, men whom the world does not know, who are consulted rarely, and give their opinion in few words, but who exercise over nominal rulers an influence felt, but except to those rulers unexplained. They do not want anything and they do not fear anything, and they do not forget anything, and somehow their word goes far, farther on many questions than Parliamentary votes. People who should know say that such men have recently abounded among us; that this Baron Stockmar, as far as English politics were concerned, was one of many; that Leopold of Belgium helped materially to govern our "self-governed people;" that Lord Lansdowne helped more; that the late Lord Lonsdale, who took nothing important, was a powerful Minister; that Mr. Ellice, who rejected everything, was in serious crises as important as a Premier. The great, when not quite besotted, value the aid of serene thought. Just read the letters of Lord Elgin, published some weeks since, and see how completely the public can mistake a man. We venture to say there were not a dozen men in England outside the high of-

ficial circle who knew or suspected why Lord Elgin was constantly employed, and promoted, and almost jobbed into high place. They thought he was a poor Peer of great lineage, who worked hard, and was a safe man, and had accidentally obtained Court influence, and so was always getting something good. Nobody dreamt of attacking him, but nobody particularly believed in him, even including the Canadians, and diplomatists, and great Indians, who came so closely around him. Yet we doubt if any competent politician has read his letters without a faint regret that he never governed the Empire; that that cool, serene, tolerant wisdom never had a larger field; that the man passed away before he could be recognized as what he was, — a De Tocqueville with the Scotch hardness and the English power of transmuting his reflection into action. The letters are a perfect mine of high political thought. We do not lay any stress on Lord Elgin's action in Montreal, when he actually bore in utter silence an imputation of personal cowardice because it was for the good of the Empire to bear it, for disinterestedness of that high kind is not rare; but let any politician just read his letters on the office of Colonial Governor, its curious powers, the spirit in which they should be used, and the benefit colony and mother country may derive from them, and ask himself if he is not wiser by inches than before their perusal. We cannot attempt to condense them, but would ask our readers to read and apply them to any case of which they may hear, — take, for instance, Lord Canterbury's refusal to dissolve in Victoria, — and try it by the letter given at page 127 — and think how much any Ministry must gain in the wisdom required to frame a policy when its members receive advice like this from Canada: — "Continue then, if you will pardon me for so freely tendering advice, to apply in the administration of our local affairs the principles of Constitutional Government frankly and fairly. Do not ask England to make unreasonable sacrifices for the Colonists, but such sacrifices as are reasonable, on the hypothesis that the Colony is an exposed part of the Empire. Induce her if you can to make them generously and without appearing to grudge them. Let it be inferred from your language that there is in your opinion nothing in the nature of things to prevent the tie which connects the Mother country and the Colony from being as enduring as that which unites the different States of the Union, and nothing in the nature of our very elas-

tic institutions to prevent them from expanding so as to permit the free and healthy development of social, political, and national life in these young communities. By administering colonial affairs in this spirit you will find, I believe, even when you least profess to seek it, the true secret of the cheap defence of nations. If these communities are only truly attached to the connection and satisfied of its permanence (and, as respects the latter point, opinions here will be much influenced by the tone of statesmen at home), elements of self-defence, not moral elements only, but material elements likewise, will spring up within them spontaneously as the product of movements from within, not of pressure from without. Two millions of people, in a northern latitude, can do a good deal in the way of helping themselves when their hearts are in the right place." We say nothing of Lord Elgin's self-sacrifice in stopping his own career, it might be for years, in order to send troops to Lord Canning — for though it has been greatly praised, Englishmen, once aware, as he was aware, with his keen insight, that the Empire was in danger, do not stop to think of themselves — but would rather quote, in proof of his insight, his belief that democracy, considered as a method of developing force, compensates for all evils by the irresistibility of the force it can develop; and his wise observation that, as democracy is only strong when it sees its end, but then is irresistible, the "time would come when foresight would be a disqualification in a statesman." He was in India but a little while, he had no previous knowledge of the traditions of the India Office, yet his outline of our true policy towards the dependent Princes carries at once to the mind a conviction that Lord Elgin would have ruled in that difficult department of Indian government like a wise but determined King. That is, indeed, the word which best expresses Lord Elgin's secret capacity. There was something royal in his mind, something of that capacity for looking serenely down on mankind, watchful for their interests, attentive to their opinions, but utterly above their prejudices, which has belonged to some few Kings, and has made them whenever it existed benefactors of their species. It was united in him with great power of action and a great deal of hard Scotch determination, and, coupled with disinterestedness as perfect as Stockmar's, made up a character which it is to the loss of the nation that it never understood. Lord Elgin, if we can judge from the correspondence of

a man whose capacity we doubted while he was in life, was one of those loftily serene intelligences whom the world seldom understands, but to whom fussier and more prominent statesmen secretly turn with a sense of acquiring strength.

From The Saturday Review.
JAPAN.

SPECULATION has a free field before it when an attempt is made to guess what will be the ultimate fruits of the opening up of Japan to the outer world. No country stands to us in the same position. Japan is so much more manageable than China; it is so much more full of life a little akin to our own; its people have so much industry, energy, and ability. The Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt have been here just as the Mikado is said to be coming; but the Turks and Egyptians are not like the Japanese. The Turks pay taxes, and the Sultan buys ships and rifles with them, or rather with the loans which the taxes are supposed to cover. The Viceroy is a wonderful man. He is the one man who cares for a sort of civilization among a people totally indifferent to it. He has gigantic ideas, and orders machinery and cannon with a noble prodigality. But the Turks and the Egyptians go on as before. In Japan it is the people, not the Government, we have to think of. They will learn of us, will buy of us, will sell to us, will copy us, will perhaps some day teach us. Some of the consequences are not very doubtful. In the first place, they can scarcely fail to borrow from us the painful art, now the foremost in the Christian and civilized world, of preparing for war at an enormous cost. They have no choice. It is said that German officers have already been engaged to drill their troops after the pattern of the conquerors of Sedan, and they must afford themselves the luxury of Armstrong guns and ironclads. For the preservation of order, and to prevent the presence of lawless foreigners overawing the native authorities, they must have an army, and they must have it armed after the most approved type. This, again, will increase the strength of the central power in Japan, and political consequences are sure to flow from material changes. Then Japan will form in all likelihood an outlet to English trade and English capital in an increasing degree every year. Japan has already got its footing in the London market, and has a loan quoted on

the Stock Exchange. It probably will borrow a great deal more. It will have railways and telegraphs, and it will work in mines, and it will institute banks and every civilized financial invention. The Americans will compete, of course, and will perhaps do as brisk a trade with Japan as we shall. But there will be for some time trade enough for both of us, and England has much more capital to send out to Japan than America has. But the end of all this may not be as the beginning, and we may discover that in Japan we have found or created a rival. A large iron ship is said to have been lately built in China by native Chinamen under the superintendence of only four Europeans. If a ship can be made, other articles now peculiarly the product of the civilized world may be made too; and if such articles can be made in China, they can be made equally easily, and what is of great importance, disposed of much more readily in Japan; for China will probably remain long out of that groove of foreign trade into which Japan is eagerly throwing itself. If Japan had capital and skill, with its cheap labour, its frugal and industrious people, and its greatly superior power of meeting the wishes and tastes of Orientals, it might vie with us in, or even beat us out of, our Eastern market. Perhaps it may seem a wild fancy, but it is one not wholly undeserving of attention, that the great gainers by the trade of Japan in the civilized world will not be Englishmen or Americans, but Germans. What Germans want in order to be the masters of a commercial position is simply security. They cannot, like Englishmen or Americans, make money while their lives are in danger. But they are longing to find a foothold in the East, where their patience and penuriousness, and their grasp of affairs at once great and small, may tell; and if Japan can give them the shelter of a decent Government, they may prove very dangerous competitors in the Japanese trade.

Some intellectual and moral and spiritual improvement must accrue to Japan from intercourse with the outer world, although it is impossible, except in the most shadowy way, to anticipate its amount or character. In order to rival the mechanicians and engineers of the civilized world, they must not only have the same practical experience, but the same knowledge of the exact sciences. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that they would find any difficulty in acquiring such a knowledge, but it must be a work

of time, and the instruments and methods of this knowledge must for many years come to them from abroad. A fair sprinkling of the Japanese will also learn English, and perhaps German for the purposes of trade, and will thus acquire all the benefits that attend an imperfect knowledge of another language. The literature of the civilized world will some day permeate in a faint degree the Japanese mind, although the degree in which the literature of an alien civilization affects the minds of men, is curiously small, as is visible every day in India even in the case of the cleverest Young Baboos, who know all about Shakespeare, and can analyze his character, and quote his plays, and yet give Englishmen the impression that their notion of Shakespeare, so far as they are not, using mere clever verbiage, is quite distinct from ours. The great importance of the English and American trade at first will probably give English literature a predominance in Japan, if European literature has any hold there at all. But at present the Germans are before us, and a traveller recently stated that in a Japanese seaport, while in nine shops he could buy German books, he could only buy English books in one. Some religious changes will also probably follow on commercial intercourse. Christianity is now completely tolerated in Japan, and an edict has been issued forbidding altogether the use in devotional rites of obscene emblems, which is at least a concession to that sort of right feeling which urges propriety when it is obvious that dirty linen can no longer be washed at home. It is even said that the Mikado could without any difficulty declare Christianity the national religion, and perhaps may do so; and that the Japanese indifference to religion is great enough to ensure that a large number of his subjects, and perhaps the majority, would call themselves whatever he wished. It is difficult to see that such a mere outward change is much to be wished for, and if there were nothing else to hinder it, a serious obstacle would be interposed when the Mikado found that in favouring one denomination of Christians he would offend others, and that a political movement to conciliate foreigners might end in stirring up a bitterness among them which would extend to his own people.

From The Spectator.

BLINDNESS AND THE BLIND.*

THIS interesting volume is rendered still more interesting by the fact that its author has been blind from early infancy. Mr. Levy is the Director of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. His position has enabled him not only to collect a variety of curious facts with regard to those who are thus afflicted, but also to give the results of much practical experience. The writer considers it advisable that blind children should be treated as far as possible like "sighted" children, and that their freedom of action should be encouraged from earliest youth. It is a mistake to make them too dependent, a most mischievous mistake to forbid them walking out alone from fear of possible mishaps. The blind child should be taught to do everything for himself, and "should be permitted to join in common recreations, such as leap-frog, touch, hoop-bowling, skipping with a rope, shuttlecock, marbles, &c., and even the sports of sliding and snowballing should not be forbidden, as they greatly tend to strengthen the system and to give a correct idea of distance. Riding on horseback when attainable will be found of great service, and gymnastic exercises are much to be commended." We are reminded, too, by the writer's narrative that while blind children may follow most of the sports of childhood, blind men and women are not debarred from a number of pursuits for which eyesight might be deemed indispensable. Thus we read once more of the brave John, King of Bohemia, who died fighting valiantly, and whose motto, "Ich dien," is now worn by the Prince of Wales; of Ziska, the one-eyed, who lost his remaining eye in battle, but fought and conquered for Bohemia notwithstanding; of the blind philologist Scapinelli, one of the most accomplished scholars of his day; of Count de Pagan, who on becoming blind devoted himself to the study of fortification and of geometry; of Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, who, although blind almost from his birth, lectured upon optics, and was professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge; of Sir John Fielding, half-brother of the great novelist, and Chief Magistrate of Bow Street Police-Court, whose "acuteness on the magisterial bench may have been equalled, but has never been surpassed;" of Huber, the em-

* *Blindness and the Blind; or, a Treatise on the Science of Typhology.* By W. Hanks Levy, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall.

inent naturalist, who invented the glass beehives now in common use; and of James Holman, who travelled without an attendant through a large portion of Europe, penetrated five thousand miles into the Russian dominions, performed a voyage round the world, and actually on one occasion saved the vessel by taking the helm. There was a certain John Metcalf, who seems to have pursued his numerous avocations without much hindrance from the loss of sight. It is at least difficult to imagine what more he could have done, had he been able to see. As a boy, he went birds'-nesting with his schoolmates; as a young man, he followed the hounds, he learnt to swim and to dive, had the reputation of being a good boxer, was a good musician, dealt in woollen goods and also in horses, established public conveyances, became a builder and contractor, built bridges, laid down roads, made drains, and accomplished some difficult engineering works which people who had their sight declined.

Mr. Levy has several interesting facts to communicate with regard to the condition of the Blind in Great Britain and Ireland, and about the forty-six institutions established for their benefit. Whether the affliction of blindness is less prevalent than of old he does not say. One of the chief causes of blindness was small-pox, but if the power of this fearful scourge has been enormously diminished by vaccination, there are other diseases affecting the eyesight which would seem to be on the increase, especially among the ill-fed and ill-housed population of our large towns. "The prolific causes of blindness," according to an eminent surgeon, "are small print and gas-light," and the injury arising from these causes is likely to increase rather than to diminish. Cheap newspapers and periodicals, badly printed on bad paper, and bearing, as it were, a mouldy appearance, abound throughout the Empire, and the amount of labour performed under artificial light is of course far greater than of old. "The injurious effects in this latter case," says Mr. Levy, "seem not so much to result from gas-light *per se*, as from the quality of the article employed, it being the custom in many establishments to incorporate quantities of sulphur with the gas, in order to increase the illuminating power at small cost to the manufacturer. It is true that the Legislature imposes fines for such conduct, but the penalties are altogether too small to prevent the evil." Half the cases of blindness in the world are caused, we are told,

by Ophthalmia, and Ireland is said to have suffered more from this cause than any country in Europe. "From 1849 to 1861 no fewer than 199,773 or nearly two hundred thousand persons suffered from this malady in the Irish workhouses alone," a statement which appears difficult to reconcile with one on another page, that in 1861 the total number of the blind in Ireland was 6,879, a number somewhat in excess of that given in the census of 1851. It is remarkable that in Norway there are three blind people to one in Sweden, but Mr. Levy expresses himself unable to account for this difference. In Iceland the proportion of blind persons is larger than in Norway, but this is accounted for from the island being in the Arctic circle, "as the reflection of the moon upon snow is very prejudicial to sight." It would seem that Greece is the only country in Europe in which no institution exists for the relief of the blind, and Mr. Levy asserts that the European nations to whom the islands of the West Indies belong have also neglected the interests of their blind subjects in that tropical region.

One of the most interesting portions of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the unrecognized senses. Mr. Levy writes:

"Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulder, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the nature of the objects, or on some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it; the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thickly on the ground objects are more distinct, although the footfall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impressions immediately transmitted to the brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face; this I have ascertained by suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power, and the circumstances above named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of 'Facial Perception.'"

This power of seeing with the face is di-

minated by a fog, but not by ordinary darkness. At one time, Mr. Levy could tell when a cloud obscured the horizon, but he has now lost that power, which he has known several persons to possess who are totally blind. The service rendered by this facial perception will be obvious from the following remarks:—

"When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, &c., and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass, it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation specially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived, the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forest Lane, Stratford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, 'Those rails are not quite as high as my shoulder.' He looked at them and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rails. Certainly in this instance facial perception was more accurate than sight. When the lower part of a fence is brickwork, and the upper part rails, the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily perceived. Irregularities in height and projections, and indentations in walls, can also be discovered."

A similar sense belongs to some part of the animal creation, and especially to bats, who have been known to fly about a room without striking against anything after the cruel experiment has been made of extracting their eyes. We may add in conclusion, that all the systems of printing for the blind are reviewed by Mr. Levy, and that his little volume abounds with curious details on a subject which has an interest for everyone.

From The Saturday Review.
FRANCE.

THE expectation of a peaceful autumn in France will not be disappointed if M. Gambetta can help it. For some time back his tempestuous energy has been more and more under restraint, and he now declares himself opposed to any agitation for the immediate dissolution of the Assembly. To outsiders the reasons in favour of this course seem so overwhelming that there is no merit in taking it.

But before judging M. Gambetta by this standard two things have to be remembered. One is that conclusions equally self-evident have again and again been rejected or passed over by the Republican party. To wait till the pear is ripe before picking it may not be a conspicuous exercise of self-control, but it is an improvement upon the hitherto invariable custom of stripping the tree as soon as the fruit makes its appearance. The other is that M. Gambetta has been denounced by his enemies as a revolutionist of the worst type, a Communist without the honesty to declare himself. If there were any truth in this view he would spend the recess in making inflammatory speeches against the Assembly. By so doing he would inflict more damage on the cause of the moderate Republic than by any other that is open to him. The Republic that is being set up under the guidance of M. Thiers is essentially orderly and conservative. If it could be deprived of this character in the eyes of Frenchmen its remarkable popularity would be gone, and the country would once more be prepared to acquiesce in some kind of Monarchical reaction. This would give the extreme Republicans precisely the opportunity they want. The great body of the nation would again be alienated from politics, and power would again be a prize for any reckless faction to clutch at. By keeping silent as regards the dissolution of the Assembly, M. Gambetta is helping to prove that a Republic can give French Conservatives the material and social security which they demand of a Government. But a Republic which creates this conviction in minds so narrow and so keen-sighted must have a genuinely conservative character about it. By lending himself to the consolidation of such a system M. Gambetta gives good evidence of the falsity of the accusations levelled against him by the Right. Against its own will the existing Assembly is helping to found the Republic. More than any other body it has the power of doing this without exciting alarm or opposition in the country. But the Republic thus formed will be of a sort which in the eyes of a revolutionist will be as bad as any Monarchy.

The Left Centre have hit upon a novel device for relieving the dulness of the Parliamentary vacation. They have made arrangements under which any newspaper that desires it may receive a daily circular containing "appreciations" and "indications" of the line of conduct pursued by the Conservative Republicans. Their ob-

ject in adopting this plan is probably of an economical character. They wish to save the expense of subsidizing a journal of their own. So long as matter is as scarce as it is at this season, these "appreciations" and "indications" will probably be received with gratitude. As soon as the Assembly meets again, the public will once more be left to learn the course of the Left Centre from the action of its members in the Chamber. In announcing the issue of this bulletin of its own political state, the Committee of the Left Centre make some observations of a more sensible character than might have been expected from the occasion which calls them forth. Eighteen months ago, they say, we despaired of seeing France survive her misfortunes. To-day we see her with the burden of a foreign occupation almost lifted from her shoulders and her old place in the world brought once more within her reach. Making allowance for much natural exaggeration, this is not an unfair account of the change that has come over the country. The burdens under which France still labours are so serious that we are tempted to forget that the burdens which weighed on her in the spring of 1871 were more serious still. It may be a fallacy to argue from the fact of her Government being Republican that the gains of the last year and a half are necessarily due to the Republic. They might conceivably have been realized under another system. But the mass of men are not logicians, and when they see a conspicuous success achieved by a Republic, they will be likely to assume that it could not have been achieved except by a Republic. Indeed for practical purposes the reasoning is sufficiently accurate; at all events the history of France since the close of the war has proved that a Republic is not hostile to the restoration and development of the national forces; and considering how little can be said in favour of any of the forms of government which it is proposed to put in place of a Republic, it is the part of ordinary prudence to accept it with contentment, if not with enthusiasm. The Committee of the Left Centre are evidently a little hurt that M. Thiers should have borrowed from them, without acknowledgment, the phrase "a Conservative Republic." They feel, however, that there is still something for the Left Centre to do. M. Thiers has appropriated their formula, but it still will remain with those who invented it to define its principles, to explain its meaning, and to develop its consequences. To do all this is the mission

of the press, and lest the press should fail in its duty, the Committee of the Left Centre are ready to supply the newspapers with a series of ready-made leading articles.

The person, however, who is doing most to make the recess lively is the President himself. According to the *Times'* Correspondent "it appears certain" that M. Thiers is meditating a very decided step forward in the direction of a permanent, as opposed to a provisional, Republic. The Assembly has always laid great stress upon the fact that it is constituent, and M. Thiers apparently intends to take it at its word. He will allow it to constitute a Second Chamber, and for this Second Chamber, jointly with himself he will claim the power of dissolving the Assembly. The ingenuity of this device is considerable. It will be difficult for the Assembly to decline the task assigned to it, for a refusal to give the Executive even so much as a voice in the dissolution of a professedly representative Chamber would be to challenge it to decree a dissolution of its own mere motion, and trust to the result of the elections for a justification of its action. Yet to have the right to dissolve, even though it can only be exercised with the consent of a Second Chamber, is really to have the means of bringing a greatly increased pressure to bear upon the Deputies. In whatever way the Second Chamber is elected, it is likely to pull with the President in the matter of a dissolution. Even if it is elected by the Assembly from its own numbers, its duration will probably be regulated on a different principle, and it will have no personal interest in prolonging the life of a body to which it has no longer any special tie. If it is appointed by the Government, M. Thiers will certainly take care to nominate members of his own way of thinking. If it is elected by the country, it may be trusted to send the Assembly about its business as soon as the President asks it to do so. There is no reason to suppose that M. Thiers will be in any hurry to exercise the power which will thus be conferred on him. But the experience of the last Session has probably made it clear to him that, if his hold over the Assembly were a little more visible, it might not be necessary to tighten it quite so often. In theory the power of the Assembly is absolute. The Executive is its creature, and though it is nominally responsible to the country, the fact that it cannot be dissolved deprives this responsibility of almost all its value. In practice the power of the As-

sembly is exceedingly limited; indeed it amounts to little else than freedom to do M. Thiers's will with more or less of ill grace. The disadvantage of this state of things is that it provides M. Thiers with no means of coercing the Assembly short of threatening resignation—a step which under present circumstances would be equivalent to a new revolution. This menace has always answered M. Thiers's purpose, and would probably continue to answer it. But an Assembly over which the whip has to be publicly waved in this fashion is not an institution that reflects credit on representative government. The pressure exercised on the Deputies by the knowledge that if they defy the President he can appeal to the nation to judge between him and them, is not open to this objection. All representative bodies are liable by the very law of their being to have the test of a dissolution applied to them, and the wish to shrink from it affects at most the character for sincerity of the particular Assembly which betrays it.

From The Economist.

A SECOND CHAMBER IN FRANCE.

THE statement currently repeated this week, that M. Thiers intends in November to ask the Assembly to declare the Republic definitely established, and to pass an organic law, may be premature; but it derives support from one or two incidents, such as the manifesto of the Left Centre that it is entirely in accord with the President, and the announcement that M. Gambetta postpones his agitation for a dissolution of the Chamber. If the President has really decided on this course and secured a majority for it, that is precisely the line which the Left Centre, and M. Gambetta as the leader of the Left might be expected to take. There would be a certain advantage moreover in the definitive proclamation of a constitution, and it might be possible, if the representatives have found their electors very decidedly in favour of a Republic, to secure the necessary majority. It is however difficult to believe that an additional piece of information forwarded to the *Times* that M. Thiers intends to propose the establishment of a second chamber is equally well founded. That idea is a very favourite one with English politicians and correspondents, who indeed seem unable to conceive of a Conservative Republic without a second, or as they, with their English

ideas call it, an "upper" chamber; but it does not find equal favour with the politicians of the continent. They have learned from experience the extreme difficulty of constructing a second assembly which shall not clash with the governing body, which shall have power enough to impose an effective restraint on its action, and which shall have the required attribute of comparative permanence. The number of constitutions which have been tried during the last century is very great, but in only two instances have their framers succeeded in establishing an effective Upper House. The American Senate, which is representative, but represents States and not people, and which shares in the executive power, is probably stronger than the House of Representatives; but then the latter body has less power, prestige, or influence over opinion than any Representative Chamber in the world. In conjunction with the President and Senate, it controls taxation; but that is very nearly the limit of its effective functions. Prince Bismarck's new Federal Council, composed as it is of representatives from all the Governments and Princes absorbed in Germany, is a very real and powerful body, and could, if need were, exercise an independent veto on legislation, or assume a very influential initiative. As a matter of fact, its consent is usually asked *before* legislation is proposed to the Reichstag, and the secrecy of its deliberations enables it to accept arguments which it might be dangerous to produce in public. But no other second chamber out of England has ever been a success. The Prussian Herrenhaus has ever since its creation been a mere embarrassment to the Executive as well as to the Liberals and to the work of legislation. The Italian Senate has never been of the slightest importance or consideration, has never arrested legislation, and would disappear in a Revolution, unrecorded and unnoticed. No one ever hears of the Austrian Upper House, except as receiving occasionally a diplomatic explanation, nor, though aristocratic power is great in Austria, is it exercised through this assembly. The House of Peers in France, under Louis Philippe, was a debating club of dignified experts, but it obtained no hold on society, and disappeared in 1848 without a struggle. So also did the Emperor's Senate, though he had accumulated functions and duties upon that body, and though it contained many of the most powerful persons of the Empire, notably Prince Napoleon, whose speeches were events of European interest.

The second chambers which we ourselves have invariably bestowed upon our Colonies, apparently under an idea that a single chamber would be too Republican, have as invariably failed, and during the present elections in the greatest of them all—the Canadian Dominion—Members of the Council are resigning their seats in order to enter the Lower House.

The truth is a second chamber is useless or burdensome, unless it represents something which the popular Assembly does not; and no such something is to be found in France. Hereditary importance, even if it existed in France, which it does not in any sufficient degree, could not be recognized in a Republic, and there is nothing else which cannot obtain its full weight in the Assembly, unless it be the City of Paris, which exercises an influence in France entirely out of proportion to its representative strength at Versailles. If M. Thiers were trying to frame a council which should represent a living, and yet separate, power in France, the best thing he could do would be to do what for other reasons would be absurd and impossible—make the representation of Paris a second chamber. If the Councils-General elect the senators, they will either send up men like those in the Assembly, or men so distinctly "rural" that they will not be able to agree with the more powerful body. If the departments, on the other hand, elect by direct election among some limited class, the Senate, or whatever it might be called, would be a privileged body, and entirely without restraining power over the nation. It might be possible no doubt to change the Conseil d'Etat with its very large executive powers into a second chamber, and even to make its consent necessary to a dissolution; but it is difficult to see what place it is expected to fill as a chamber which it does not fill now. If it arrested or modified legislation of its own accord, it would soon be both disliked and despised, and if it acted in unison with the President, it would scarcely strengthen his hands, Frenchmen considering it much more natural that the head of the Executive should veto a Bill, than that a group of non-representative notables should veto one. The revision of measures so necessary in this country is not so necessary in France, where a Bill is discussed first of all in secret by the "bureau," that is the committee best informed

upon that subject, and where laws are drawn and passed in a much more complete and logical form, and effective criticism of the departments is scarcely seriously attempted. The Minister is held responsible for their action, and if he fails or employs bad agents he goes. It is quite certain that no great measure resolved on by the Assembly could be resisted by the "Upper" House without danger of sudden extinction, and it is as difficult to see what it is to do as to ascertain what it is to represent.

Further there is an objection to the creation of a second chamber in France, which no one out of France ever notices, and this is that a French Assembly needs very little restraint or control in the English sense—that is, does not require to be made more Conservative than it is. Any Assembly honestly elected is, in France, sure to be dangerously Conservative. It may not be Monarchical, but it is certain, whatever the form of government, to be in favour of order, of authority, and of keeping things very much as they are. Those are the tendencies of the persons who elect it, and in France more than in any other country the representatives reflect the opinions of those who elect them, the watchfulness on that point being, if anything, a little excessive. It is so strict that whenever a member desires to carry anything opposed to the popular will he tries to avoid open voting, and whenever secret and open votes are both taken in the Chamber, the open vote is sure to be in accord with the departmental opinion. The idea that a French Assembly is always progressive is an error founded on the action of the first National Assembly which was elected on a restricted suffrage, and represented mainly the passionate hatred of the middle class for the privileges of the nobles. Since universal suffrage was established, French Assemblies have been decidedly and stupidly Conservative, nor is there any serious chance of a Red election. A second chamber therefore is not required as a drag on the machine, and if it is desired to avoid the chance of a rash, or silly, or enthusiastic vote, it would be far better to place a suspensive veto in the hands of the President of the Republic, who is, and under the French government always must be, the most responsible, the most serious, and the most influential person in the State.

REALISM OF THE STAGE.—A reference to the weekly periodical, *The World*, of Feb. 8, 1753—which number, by the way, was written by Horace Walpole—will furnish another proof to the many that have gone before, that “there is nothing new under the sun,” and that there is a tendency in nature, human as well as inanimate, to reproduce itself. It has generally been supposed that the realism of the stage, which has met with such severe condemnation on all hands during the past few years, is a modern innovation. That such is not the case, let the following extract from the foregoing fly-sheet bear witness:—

“The improvement of nature which I had in view alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or [*sic*, ? and] inanimate parts of the creation which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick: the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and, having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water. I know that there are persons of a systematic turn who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful waterfall from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of anything that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice. The world, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction; and I foresee the time when delusion [illusion] will not be suffered in any part of the drama.”

Then come a series of ludicrous instances illustrating, in a vein of excellent raillery, the necessity of a stricter adherence to nature (realism) on the stage: such as the brick-kiln, which did not smell like one; the introduction of very personable geese by Mr. Cibber; the impersonator of Alexander, who forgot himself in the heat of conquest so far as to stick his sword in one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him; the performer who was injured by the edge of a wave running into his side on his falling, whereas “the worst that could happen to him in the present state of things would be drowning.”

The essay concludes with a good story of a “celebrated confectioner who, having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, complained of his lord. “Imagenez-vous,” said he, “que milord n’a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond”—“Figure to yourself my lord’s refusal to demolish the ceiling.”

Notes and Queries.

J. S. DK.

THE DEATH OF COUNT MELUN.—In Shakespeare’s *King John*, Act V. Sc. 4, the Count

Melun, wounded to death, exhorts the English to fly, informing them of the treachery of Lewis, and when Salisbury doubtfully asks—

“May this be possible? may this be true?”

Melun refers to his approaching death as a reason why he should speak the truth, saying—

“Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure ‘gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must die here and live hence by truth?”

Shakespeare may have taken this sentiment from the following passage in the *Euphues* of Lyly:—

“When my lady came, and saw me so altered in a moneth, wasted to the harde bones, more lyke a ghoast then a lyving creature, after many words of comfort (as women want none about sicke persons) when she saw opportunitie, she asked me whether the Italian were my messenger, or if he were, whether his embassage were true, which question I thus answered—

“Lady, to dissemble with the worlde, when I am departing from it, woulde profite me nothing with man, and hinder me much with God; to make my deathbed the place of deceit, might hasten my death, and encrease my danger.”

In these passages Shakespeare and Lyly express the same sentiment in similar language.

Notes and Queries.

THE GARDEN calls attention to the great value of the Island of Jamaica as a tropical garden. Its oranges, pine-apples, bananas, limes, lime-juice, cocoa-nuts, and other such products, could not be surpassed in quality, and might be cultivated to any imaginable extent. Beside all this, the soil and climate are eminently suitable to the growth of precious drugs and plants. Bark is raised easily, the cinchona plantation being in a most satisfactory state. Then there are hemp and China grass of excellent quality, nor would any arrowroot be superior to that of Jamaica if it were but more carefully prepared for market. Here, it will be said, is a noble prospect for the colony. True, but it is a prospect only. Not until the very last returns is there shown any “tendency to the development of new industries requiring little capital and no extraordinary skill.” It is the old story, “minor articles” are neglected, though they are the very articles which are wanted, and which the colonists could send. However, Jamaica is fortunate in having a Governor in Sir J. P. Grant, who can discern the true capabilities of the island, and the true place for its industry in the markets of the world.